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Hanoi Jane Fonda's Hidden Shame

Display Until: Jan. 17, 1992

Memories®

The Magazine of Then and Now

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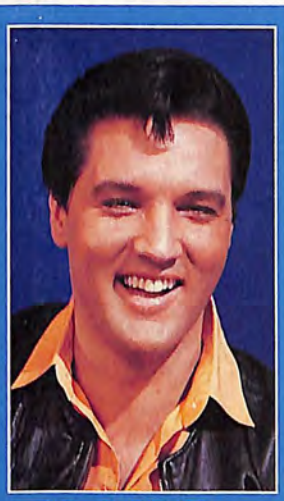

MADONNA & MARILYN

What Today's Winner Learned From Yesterday's Loser

ELVIS:

How An Idol's Wife Found Liberation

LOOK BACK, LOOK AHEAD WITH:

George Bush
Larry King
George Burns
Charles Kuralt
Art Buchwald
Buzz Aldrin
Oprah Winfrey
Danny Thomas

MAURY WILLS:

When Drugs Got To The Big Leagues

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Introducing the Maxxum® 7xi.

If only lighting never changed, your subjects never moved, and backgrounds were always constant, picture-taking would be a snap.

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Look for valuable Minolta USA 2-year camera/5-year lens limited warranty cards with your products. For more information, see your selected Minolta dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, NJ 07446. In Canada: Minolta Canada, Inc., Ontario. © 1991 Minolta Corporation.

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LETTERS

MEMORIES: SAY IT AIN'T SO

Here's one reason for this special issue. You said you missed us

Our "goodbye" issue

Last fall we told you we were suspending publication with the October issue of **Memories.** *That was right after the editor had announced the magazine would become a monthly. Needless to say, many of you were confused, if not downright mad, as some of these letters indicate. But others asked us to come back; so we are going to test the waters again with this single 1991 issue.*

You have spoken; we are listening, and anxious to get letters like these:

Dear Memories:
I hope that maybe sometime in the very near future you may again bring us a magazine such as this.

Terry Judy
Reevesville, S.C.

I have cherished each and every issue. It is the most interesting and entertaining magazine I have ever read. I do hope that you will again, at sometime, continue this wonderful magazine.

Nancy Linton
Tamarac, Fla.

I was shocked to read that you will no longer be publishing **Memories.** It has been a source of pleasure to receive the magazine. It was just what this tired old hyped world needed. It will be sorely missed.

Jean Eads
Glendale, Calif.

So sorry to learn that your wonderful magazine will discontinue publication. I have valued the scope of its subject matter and the thoroughness of its reporting. I will miss you.

Nathan Wise
Lisbon, Conn.

I was very disappointed to learn that your superior publication is terminating. With the market flooded with trash, and "anti-family" themes, it is a travesty that **Memories** is to be yet another quality magazine to fold. **Memories** will be sorely missed by me. Thanks for the ride.

Clark Tower
Los Angeles

We were not ready for the sad, sad news! It was with real regret that I read that **Memories** is suspending publication. This is a magazine I truly enjoyed. How I hope that somehow the magazine will come about again.

Dolores Craft
Jackson, Miss.

Your cover price says $1.95. I'd bet that 99 percent of your readers would pay $5 an issue at least if you will resume publication. Please resume the magazine.

P. Reeves
Norman, Okla.

Back again—one more time!

You have been a great catharsis for me. You recalled fond memories of where I was then, dreams and expectations I had, and people I knew. With regret you have chosen your last issue to be the year when I reach half of 90. Please come back and help me make it through the next 45.

Ruth Ann McNeeley
Dallas, Texas

Just a quick letter to let you know how I'll miss your magazine. If you ever get in a situation to try a Memories-type magazine, please do it!

Sheila Mulligan
San Jose, Calif.

If there is any possible way to continue publishing the magazine, please do your best. I'm sure this would be appreciated countrywide.

Adrianne Mahoney
Scaumburg, Ill.

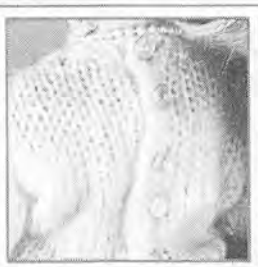
Send letters to Editor, Memories, 1633 Broadway, New York 10019

NE

The New England Collectors Society's First Fifties Doll

Tammy

Doll shown smaller than actual height of 16".



Hand-painted, Hand-tailored Heirloom Porcelain Collector's Doll Limited Edition: 9500 dolls

© NE 1990

Oh, those fabulous Fifties! Elvis, The Platters and the Hit Parade . . . Chevy convertibles with dual exhausts . . . dancing the Lindy at the Hop!

TAMMY is the fifties — right down to her rolled up bobby socks! She's wearing a classic poodle skirt, and has the pony tail you had to have! Crinoline and petticoats, a ribbed sweater and saddle shoes! Daddy-O, is she ever cool!

June Amos Grammer's exceptional artistic talent recreates the nostalgia of the fifties with *Tammy*!

Enchanting hand-painted features. Authentic materials, hand-sewn and hand-tailored. Fine porcelain arms, legs and head. A gem of a collector's doll! Your satisfaction guaranteed. Order now!

The New England Collectors Society is a division of Reed & Barton Silversmiths, established in 1824.

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Please enter my order for *Tammy* by June Amos Grammer, a hand-painted, hand-tailored porcelain collector doll, offered in a Limited Edition of 9500 serially numbered dolls.

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*Plus $1.25 per installment for shipping and handling. CT and CA residents will be invoiced to include state and local taxes. Please allow 10-12 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

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Memories®

The Magazine of Then and Now

1992

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While Americans were dying in Vietnam, she went to Hanoi and called GIs "war criminals." Today the question still persists: When does dissent turn into treason?

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Marilyn died a tragic loser. Now here comes Madonna Ciccone, who looks like Marilyn, acts like Marilyn—but with a winning difference. 24

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He reminds us of that day in 1969 when mankind took a giant step. And he describes how man soon can make a bigger step —to Mars.

DANNY THOMAS 36
He brought us one of the first—and best—of the sitcoms. Like *Cheers* and all the sitcoms since, it had to fight to survive in a weird business. Danny tells how.

QUEEN OF WEIGHT LOSS
Her name is Jean Nidetch and once she was a fat housewife. Then she turned an idea into a program that helped millions around the world lose weight. Now she's svelte, rich, and a pal of the famous. 42

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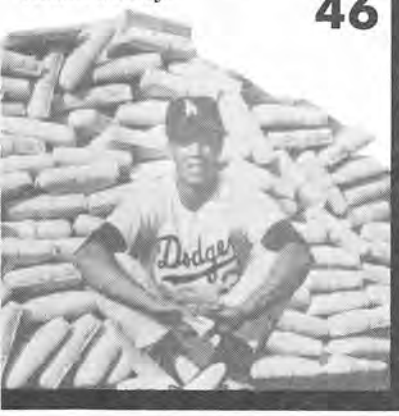
MAURY WILLS

How drugs stole their way into big league sports—one victim's story. **46**



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Today she's a star and runs a $50 million estate she saved from ruin. Once she was the air-head wife of a sex idol—until she found liberation.

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Testing you on this issue of Memories.

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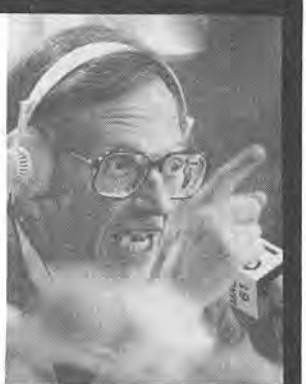
LARRY KING 65

The famous talk-show host and columnist had a heart attack. He faced surgery—a scary heart-bypass. King tells how he came away from the surgery healthier and wiser.



GEORGE BUSH 58

Our commander-in-chief piloted a bomber in World War II. Shot down over the Pacific, he bobbed helplessly in a raft toward an enemy that beheaded captured flyers. Pluck and luck saved him to tell us where he was on a fateful day in December of 1941.

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MPA

LISTS

By Amy Wallace, David Wallechinsky, and Irving Wallace

PERSONAL BEST

Everyone has their all-time best lists. Here are bests from the famous

QUINCY JONES'S 10 FAVORITE JAZZ RECORDINGS OF ALL TIME

Master musician Quincy Jones first teamed up with Ray Charles to form a combo in Seattle, then went on to steal the spotlight as trumpeter with Dizzy Gillespie and Lionel Hampton. He has arranged and conducted music for the likes of Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, and Aretha Franklin. Also to his credit are numerous award-winning television scores and more than 50 film scores.

1. *Body and Soul" (Coleman Hawkins)*
2. *"Just Friends" (Charlie Parker)*
3. *"Miles Ahead" (Miles Davis)*
4. *"Rockin' in Rhythm" (Duke Ellington)*
5. *"Love You Madly" (Oscar Peterson)*
6. *"Giant Steps" (John Coltrane)*
7. *"I Can't Get Started" (Dizzy Gillespie)*
8. *"Sleep" (Benny Carter)*
9. *"The Midnight Sun Will Never Set" (Phil Woods)*
10. *"Anything" (Count Basie)*

RICHARD D. ZANUCK'S 10 FAVORITE MOVIES OF ALL TIME

Zanuck has followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father to become a respected producer in his own right. After an association with 20th Century-Fox and Warner Brothers, he founded Zanuck-Brown Production Company, Universal Pictures, in 1972. The following year his company made *The Sting*, which walked away with seven Academy Awards, including Best Picture. Other Zanuck productions include *Jaws* and *Jaws II*.

1. *Citizen Kane*
2. *Sunset Boulevard*
3. *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*
4. *Gone with the Wind*
5. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*
6. *The Godfather*
7. *The Sting*
8. *The Best Years of Our Lives*
9. *On the Waterfront*
10. *From Here to Eternity*

LUCILLE BALL'S FAVORITE TV SERIES OF ALL TIME

The madcap comedienne was perhaps one of the best-known women in the world. Her hugely successful 1950s television show, *I Love Lucy*, received a total of 200 awards, including five Emmys. Her popularity continued with *The Lucy Show* and *Here's Lucy*. The famous redhead appeared in nearly 80 feature films.

1. *M*A*S*H*
2. *The Carol Burnett Show*
3. *The Honeymooners*
4. *The Dick Van Dyke Show*
5. *Mary Tyler Moore Show*
6. *The Jack Benny Show*
7. *National Geographic Shows*
8. *Milton Berle Show*
9. *Hallmark Theatre*
10. *And, of course, I Love Lucy*

BENJAMIN SPOCK'S 10 GREATEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF ALL TIME

Dr. Spock had been a pediatrician for 17 years when his best-selling *Baby and Child Care* was published in 1946—in time to become a bible to the new mothers of the postwar baby boom. Besides his medical career, he has been an activist in peace movements. In 1972, Dr. Spock was the People's Party candidate for the U.S. presidency.

1. *Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain*
2. *Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain*
3. *Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson*
4. *Black Arrow by Robert Louis Stevenson*
5. *A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens*
6. *Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens*
7. *Nicholas Nickleby by Charles Dickens*
8. *Westward Ho! by Charles Kingsley*
9. *Ivanhoe by Sir Walter Scott*
10. *The Babar books*

From the books THE BOOK OF LISTS and THE BOOK OF LISTS #3 by Amy Wallace, David Wallechinsky, and Irving Wallace. Copyright © 1977 and 1983 by Amy Wallace, David Wallechinsky, and Irving Wallace. Reprinted with permission of William Morrow and Co., Inc.

"We're looking for people to write children's books"

by Alvin Tresselt, *Dean of Faculty*

"Writing for children is the perfect way to begin," says the author of 53 children's books. "Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's the straightest possible line between you and publication—if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers."

IF YOU WANT TO WRITE and see your work published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. And while it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin, to break into print, to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 40 years of editing, publishing and teaching (and 53 books of my own), I can tell you this: You'll go a long way before you discover anything as rewarding as writing for children.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that truly reach young people is an experience you'll never have anywhere else.

The soaring children's market

But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to tap it. More than $1 *billion* worth of children's books are purchased annually and more than 300 of the 500 publishers of books related to children welcome manuscripts from aspiring writers. And over 400 magazines rely on freelancers to fill their issues.

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer..."Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

"Am I really qualified?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": it's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: Our reputation is built on success and if prospective students don't have the aptitude it takes, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so; it's only fair.

Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty, was Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine* for children, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

An old mansion nestled deep in the woods of Connecticut is the home of the Institute of Children's Literature. It was founded in 1969.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into the Institute of Children's Literature® without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise:

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One-on-one training with your own instructor

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors—all of whom are experienced writers or editors—work more or less the same way.

- When you're ready—at your own time and your own pace—you send your assignment to me.
- I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it.
- Then I edit your assignment just the way a publishing house editor would—if he had the time.
- I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve.

It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn how to write and how to market your writing.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that some of our students break into print even before they finish the course.

"My how-to article that sold to 4-H Magazine for $75 was my rewrite of a course assignment," says Jeanne Shoemaker, Birmingham, AL. "My beloved instructor has made this course one of the highlights of my adult life!"

"The thing that gives me the most satisfaction," writes Brandy S. Wells, Greensboro, MD, "is the idea that my story will be read by 150,000 Sunday school children—my dream come true."

Marilyn Day, Marissa, IL, says, "I am no longer a housewife. I am a *writer!*"

"Most importantly, the course has allowed me to explore my creative writing skills without committing myself to a strict classroom environment with immediate deadlines and meeting schedules," reports Jeanne Nickerson, Washington, DC. "I needed the flexibility of a correspondence course and I have enjoyed dealing on a one-on-one basis with my instructor."

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THE WAY THEY WERE

WHEN TODAY'S FAMOUS PEOPLE WENT TO SCHOOL

Here's how they looked in high school before "someone varnished them with an image"

You are looking at some of today's famous people when they were only faces in high school yearbooks. "Old yearbooks," says collector Seth Poppel, "show celebrities before someone varnished them with an image. They are real.

"Women celebrities," he adds, "are usually easier to identify from yearbooks because girls mature sooner than boys and are more concerned about physical appearance." For how these famous people look today, turn the opposite page.

Tom Selleck
U.S. Grant High School 1962
Van Nuys, Calif.

Joe Montana
Ringgold High School 1974
Monongahela, Pa.
Academic—Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Choir 3; Class Vice-President 2, 3; Football Club 1, 2, 3; Football Team 1, 2,3.

Lila Diane Sawyer
Seneca High School 1963
Louisville, Ky.
"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare." NHS 11, 12, "Veep" 12; Pep Club, 9, 10, 1, 12; Beta Club, 10, 11, 12, J.C.L. 9, 10; Latin Club 9, 10; German Club 12, J.V. Childr. 9, 10; Calendar Girl 9, 10, 12; Ex. Bd of Jr. Class; F.T.A. 9, 10, 11, 12; Debate Club 11, 12; "Arrow" Staff 10, 11, 12.

John [Jack] Nicholson
Manasquan High School 1954
Manasquan, N.J.
"Nick." Good natured . . . enthusiastic writer of those English compositions . . . his participation added to our plays. Blue and Gray 1, 2, 4; Rules Club President, 1, 2; Football 1; Basketball Manager 2; Study Club 3; Junior Play, 3; Table Tennis Club 3; Senior Play 4; Class Vice President 4.

James Dean
Fairmount High School 1949
Fairmount, Ind.
Basketball.

Bruce Walter Willis
Penns Grove High School 1973
Penns Grove, NJ.
Stu. Cncl. 1, 2, 3, Pres.; Perculator Blues; Harps; Jr. Play, "D.C.5"; Sr. Trip Judy in Kty.; Boogie Baby; C.L.A.W.; Painting PMHS; MM at Gino's Fun at "Y"; Spec. Conc.; Jr. Trip & Food fights; "Magic Dick" Cruisin; Blue's, Jeff, Murph, George, Jay, David, John, Leighty, Steve. Future: To become deliriously happy or a professional harp player.

Ann Margaret Olson
[**Ann-Margret**]
New Trier Hill School, 1959
Winnetka, Ill.

John Mathis
George Washington High School 1954
San Francisco, Calif.
S.B. Treas.; Reg. Pres.; Ex. Count.; Swimming; Basketball; Music; Basketball Team; Track Team; S.F. State.

Steve Martin *(left)*
Garden Grove High School 1963
Garden Grove, Calif.
President, Jason's Jesters Club 4; Junior Class Vice President; Drama Club 3, 4; Cheerleader: The Yell.

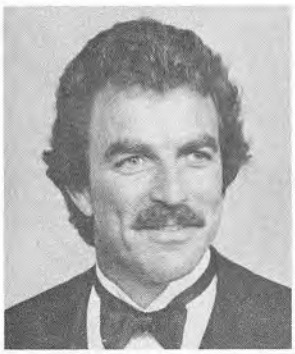
THE WAY THEY WERE

Barbara Pierce [Bush]
Ashley Hall School 1943
Charleston, S.C.

Larry Hagman
Weatherford High School 1949
Weatherford, Tex.
Los Hidalgos, Grass Burr Staff.

Dolly Parton
Sevier County High School 1964
Sevierville, Tenn.
F.H.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Sectional Officer 2, 4; Homeroom Officer, 1, 2, 3, 4; "Gay Time" 3; Music Club 1.

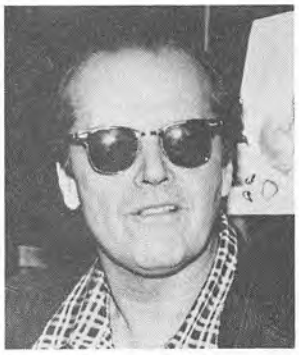
THE WAY THEY ARE



Tom Selleck

Joe Montana

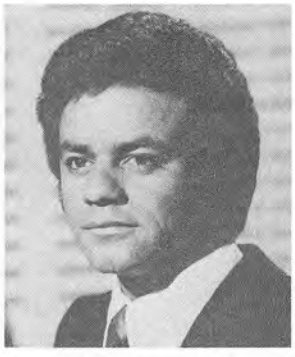
Diane Sawyer



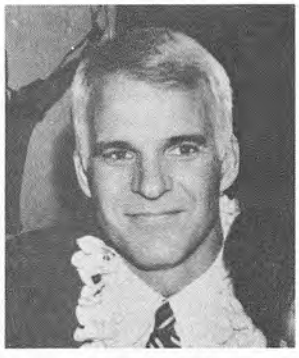
Jack Nicholson

James Dean

Bruce Willis



Johnny Mathis



Steve Martin

Ann-Margret

Barbara Bush

Larry Hagman

Dolly Parton

SETH POPPEL: WHY OLD YEARBOOKS ARE A PASSION

What do Hulk Hogan, John Kennedy, Madonna, Stephen King and Tammy Faye Bakker have in common? They all have a copy of their high school yearbook in Seth Poppel's library.

A collector of sports memorabilia, Seth Poppel was glancing through an unusual high school yearbook in 1985. Another collector had offered to sell him the yearbook, which had been produced by the 1949 graduating class at the Commerce (Oklahoma) High School. In that class of 20 boys was Mickey Charles Mantle. Poppel was not too surprised to discover that Mantle had been chosen the school's handsomest boy. But what did surprise him was that another boy—never heard from since—had been picked as the school's best athlete.

Poppel bought the yearbook. That began a passion for collecting high school yearbooks that has sent him and his wife, Danine, on nationwide hunts for the yearbooks of celebrities. Stacked high on a myriad of bookshelves in a room at the Poppel home in a New York City suburb are the high school yearbooks of more than 600 celebrities, plus 2,000 other yearbooks donated by schools as models of yearbook design.

And the Poppels want more. Appearing on television talk shows, Seth pleads for people to send him yearbooks of celebrities not already in his collection. "Just send us a letter telling us whose yearbooks you have," he says, "and we will buy it if it is a class yearbook of the 400 celebrities we are currently hunting."

The 400 include Ellen Barkin, Kevin Costner, U.S. Army General Norman Schwarzkopf, Julia Roberts, and ex-Brooklyn Dodger Duke Snider. What he pays depends on the celebrity and how old the yearbook is (because of World War II scrap-paper drives, relatively few pre-1940 yearbooks survive).

"Generally speaking," says Poppel, who is president of American Vision Centers, a chain of optical stores, "we have four price categories. An every-day celebrity, like a TV show lead, would be from $75 to $100. A megacelebrity like Madonna or Michael Jackson would be in the $200 category. Because of scarcity or historical importance, someone like Stan Musial or John Wayne might be in the $350 to $400 category. And then the really few American legends, say Elvis Presley or Lou Gehrig, might range from $1,000 to $5,000."

He asks yearbook owners to write to him describing the yearbook. His address is Yearbook Archives, 38 Range Drive, Merrick, New York 11566.

Visitors to the Archives, he says, "can't pull themselves away. They are seeing photos of people who achieved great fame at a point in their lives when they were totally unvarnished. This is how they were before someone varnished them with an image, before they packaged themselves; in these yearbooks they are real."

After poring over hundreds of celebrity yearbooks, he has found that:

- Many celebrities were picked as the most talented or best athlete or the most beautiful in their high school class, but few were picked as most likely to succeed. "I think that's because high school kids are more likely to equate academic achievement with success rather than artistic or athletic skills or physical attractiveness, the qualities that make for celebrity status."
- Female celebrities were more likely than the men to be achievers in high school. "Women mature faster than men," he points out, "and the gap is at its widest in high school. Girls are more likely than boys to be confident, secure and outgoing, thus getting more attention."

Some yearbooks, he says, "presaged the future of the celebrity. Delta Burke was chosen as her school's beauty queen as was Farrah Fawcett. And when we looked at a photo in Billy Martin's yearbook at Berkeley High, there he was—way back in 1947—kicking dirt at an umpire." —**John Devaney**

FASHION

By Lucy Kavaler

PAST IS PRESENT—AND FUTURE

For men, the '90s look is the '40s' Bogart look. For women, it's the '60s' Jackie look

"The past is made up of our memories which are deep-seated and shape what we like. So fashion takes these memories again and again and uses them, slightly changed to fit the present," says Ann Ogden, designer of the women's collection for Basco, which is featured at Barney's New York.

What memories have given us the look of the '90s?

"Men's clothes of the '30s and early '40s were the very essence of glamor and men liked being viewed as glamorous, sexy. Today there is a great emphasis on sex and men are more conscious of their bodies and of being fit," declares Avery Lucas, designer of Saint Laurie, New York. "I have recreated for the '90s the suits worn by Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, and Fred Astaire in the old movies you see on television."

These suits are bigger than those of recent years, usually double-breasted, and cut more generously through the chest. Lapels are wider, shoulders slightly extended to plumped sleeves. Trousers are looser and pleated, with the waist set above the natural waistline.

Fuller cut suits are also to be seen in the collections of Ralph Lauren, Bill Robinson, Isaac Mizrahi, and other leading designers. "This style reminds us of the elegance and sophistication of the '30s and early '40s," observes Tom Julian, fashion director of the Men's Fashion Association of America.

Where men's wear has gotten bigger, women's clothing has become smaller: The mini of the late '60s has been brought up to date, along with the chemise and sheath—the look epitomized then by Jacqueline Kennedy. The short-short skirt is so much a part of the look of today that American designers noted for their individuality, including Clavin Klein, Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan, are incorporating it into their collections.

"The fashions of the '60s strike a responsive

Humphrey Bogart's pin-stripe in* The Maltese Falcon *(1941) is identical to this pin-stripe from the Avery Lucas fall '91 collection for Saint Laurie.

chord. That was the last decade in which clothes looked modern, streamlined, minimal and futuristic. You might call it the launching pad for the fashions we are seeing,'' says Marylou Luther, creative director for the Fashion Group of Women Executives.

But while the look of the '60s is still with us, fashion is moving beyond it. Calvin Klein and many other designers are showing longer, even maxi skirts side by side with the short. Claude Montana of Lanvin is featuring asymmetry in hemlines.

''The current inspiration for women's wear is a mixture of the late '60s and early '70s,'' declares Andrew Basile, vice-president and fashion director for Bergdorf Goodman, New York. ''Rock 'n roll groups of that period, for instance the *Doors*, are influencing designers. The motorcycle jacket is important in fashion.''

But the '30s and '40s, so significant in men's wear, have a place in women's fashion too, despite the emphasis on the '60s and '70s. The logic here is that the '30s and '40s had an influence on the '70s. The mantailored suit, worn in movies of the '30s and '40s by Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and Lauren Bacall, is starring in many designer collections.

What look is coming? In the near future, Bergdorf's Basile believes that designers will march further into the '70s. ''But the romanticism of that time will be reinterpreted with a funkier twist.'' He suggests that you will be seeing longer skirts, but also shorts, pants with wider legs, camp shirts in bold prints, military touches, platform shoes. At the same time, he adds, velvet is gaining popularity, the princess line is returning to dresses, the A-line to skirts.

Lifestyle changes will be reflected in the fashions of the '90s. ''The coming of the computer, for example, means that more people will want softly constructed clothes to wear when working at home,'' says Fashion Association's Julian.

Colors and prints will be bold, influenced by the designs of Gianni Versace, and fabrics are expected to gain in importance. ''There will be richer fabrics, and by this I mean not only the natural fibers, such as cashmere, but also the polyesters,'' predicts Wallace Sloves, of the fashion design faculty at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology.

Many crystal ball gazers in the fashion world believe that the next major look will not be defined by a specific time period, but will be made up of combinations of silhouettes and style elements of several decades. Consider the ''mixes'' created by Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld, remarks fashion forecaster Luther, describing a scuba jacket of sequins, a baseball cap worn with a taffeta ballgown. Claude Montana has put satin shorts under an ostrich feather wrap.

Whether the look represents one decade or several, designers find ways of adapting the look of the past so that it fits the world of today and tomorrow.

As Calvin Klein, a major force in fashion for many years, puts it: ''My clothes are classic, but not frozen. I am always looking to take a step forward, to be on the cutting edge. My inspiration comes from within. I build on my own past, not that of others.'' ■

Jackie Kennedy's mini (1965) has been brought up to date in this Calvin Klein mini chemise for his fall 1991 collection.

Lucy Kavaler has written about changing fashions in clothes in her novel, The Secret Lives of the Edmonts *(Dutton, 1989), which is now in paperback (Pinnacle).*

COLLECTING

By George Sullivan

PAPER CHASE

So you missed out on the baseball-card boom in the '70s and '80s. For the '90s, think Persian Gulf

When Wayne Gretzky, the Los Angeles Kings' hockey great, and Bruce McNall, the club's owner, paid $451,000 for a baseball card depicting Honus Wagner, the Hall of Fame shortstop for the Pittsburgh Pirates, earlier this year, the purchase at Sotheby's in New York was hailed in newspapers and on TV newscasts from coast to coast. The price was the highest ever paid at auction for a piece of sports memorabilia and about four times the previous record set in 1989 for another Honus Wagner card.

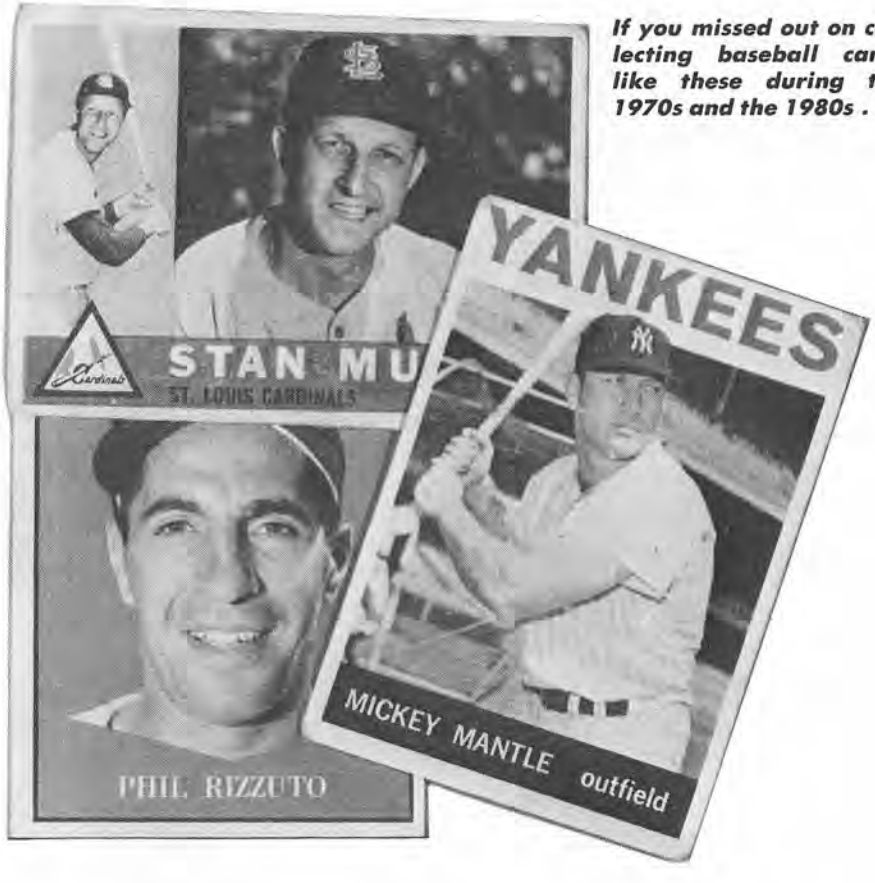
Collectors and dealers have since declared that the card is undervalued at $451,000. Issued by Piedmont, "The Cigarette of Quality," in 1909 and 1910, the card brought a record price because only 40 Wagner cards are known to exist and fewer than 10 of them are in collectible condition. The purchased card, with a clear, sharply focused image, a stark white border, and perfectly square corners, was "mint," Sotheby's said.

When bidding on the Wagner card reached $300,000, the 800 or so dealers and collectors attending the sale cheered and applauded; they continued to do so with each bid. But that kind of excitement is rather typical of what's been happening in the field of paper collectibles in the past few decades. Whether it's posters or postcards, autographs or photographs, comic books or fruit crate labels, prices for paper collectibles have soared higher and higher.

Take photographs. At Christie's in New York in April, El Lissitzky's image of a pen and paper was sold for $132,000, a price that topped the photograph record of $126,500 paid for a Man Ray. The record lasted about 24 hours. The next day at Sotheby's, a sepia-toned platinum print of crushed roses taken in 1925 by Tina Modotti, a not very well known Italian photographer, was sold for $165,000.

Prices for autographs have been shooting skyward, too. "They've been going up at a faster pace than any other collectible," says well-known dealer Herman Darvick. "Most presidential material has tripled in value in the past five years.

"And there's no sign prices [for paper] are going to go down," Darvick says. "As more and more people get interested in collecting paper, the demand



If you missed out on collecting baseball cards like these during the 1970s and the 1980s . . .

increases. But the supply remains the same. There's never going to be another Lincoln letter.''

What has been said here shouldn't suggest you have to have an income in six figures to indulge in paper collectibles. Not at all. For less than $25 you can buy a decent 19th century trade card, a printed advertisement for a product or a service, or a *carte-de-visite*, one of those small (2 1/2 × 3 3/4″) sepia-toned photographs that were mass produced during the 1860s and 1870s.

No matter what you collect, always buy the best example you can afford. For example, if you collect signatures of 19th century Presidents, buy letters or documents; avoid cut signatures. Don't make compromises. Keep looking.

If you're scouting around for a paper-collectible specialty, one that might prove rewarding in the years ahead, think Persian Gulf. The recent war produced an avalanche of printed collectibles. Within a month or so after the cease-fire, examples were already being offered at military shows in the Northeast. One day, some of these items are going to be as actively sought as Mickey Mouse Club Christmas cards or Captain Marvel comic books.

There are all those Persian Gulf war books, for instance. Some 30 or 40 titles had been published by midyear. When making a choice, keep in mind what's trivial is sometimes to be more coveted than what is not. After all, Simon & Schuster printed and distributed more than half-a-million copies of Bob Woodward's *The Commanders*. We're going to be quite deep into the next century before that book—even a first edition in perfect condition—is worth much more than its $24.95 purchase price.

Also published were a joke book, a quote book, and even a ''Saddam Sucks'' book. These were printed in smaller quantities and, since they better represent the tenor of the times, they're going to go up in price much faster than the Woodward book.

Keep in mind that condition is as important as rarity when it comes to paper. That means in the case of any book you buy, the jacket should be pristine, no tears or marks. Overall, the volume should be in top-notch condition—mint.

During the spring and summer of 1991, there were, according to a list released by the Pentagon, 207 parades and other types of celebrations scheduled for veterans. The three largest were the ticker-tape parade in New York City on June 10, the series of events sponsored by the Desert Storm Homecoming Foundation in Washington, D. C., on June 8, and the celebrity-studded parade in Los Angeles on May 19. Each of these generated its own flood of paper—posters, flyers, handbills, invitations, admission tickets, and special newspaper editions. Each is a part of the historical record, a significant collectible.

Persian Gulf paper also includes Desert Storm trading cards. Produced by the Topps Company, they're the same size and format as baseball or football cards. Each pack contains eight cards, plus one sticker (but no bubble gum). Cards are devoted to such topics as: ''The Patriot Missile,'' ''General Colin Powell,'' and ''Mid-air Refueling.''

Some collectors are specializing in these cards, building up complete sets and carefully preserving the waxed wrappers, display cartons, and anything else they can find associated with the issue. None of these cards is ever going to be worth what the Honus Wagner card is worth, but no one doubts that they're going to climb steadily in value. At the same time, they chronicle the past, providing a colorful glimpse into an eventful chapter in American history. ■

. . . think about starting a collection of Persian Gulf cards like these issued by the Topps gum people. "No one doubts," says the author, "that they're going to climb steadily in value."

George Sullivan is the author of The Book of Baseball Collectibles *(Arco). His most recent book is* The Day They Bombed Pearl Harbor *(Scholastic).*

Memories
The Magazine of Then and Now

Hanoi Jane Fonda's

While Jane Fonda was speaking out (left) at peace rallies in the U.S. against American involvement in the Vietnam war, captured American flyers—like the one shown below being led to prison by his captor—were being brutally treated.

By Christopher Andersen

Hidden Shame

A new book reveals what she didn't tell Americans about her trip to North Vietnam some 20 years ago: That our POWs were tortured, perhaps even killed, because they refused to stand next to her and denounce their country

When she arrived in Hanoi in the summer of 1972 to make broadcasts calling American soldiers "war criminals," American POWs who refused to appear with her, the author relates in his book,* Citizen Jane, *were tortured.

Clad in black pajamas and a white tunic, Jane stepped off her Aeroflot jet on July 8, 1972, and into a maelstrom of controversy. She arrived, she told her uniformed, helmeted hosts, with "greetings" from revolutionary "comrades" in America. Over the next two weeks Jane, several cameras slung around her neck, was led on a tour of bombed-out hospitals, schools, factories, villages, and dikes. The devastation left her shaken, but not so shaken that she was unable to do some front-line morale-boosting for the enemy.

It was then that Jane, surrounded by applauding soldiers, took her notorious joy ride aboard a North Vietnamese antiaircraft gun whose sights were normally trained on American planes. The image of a euphoric Jane aboard the gun, captured as it was on film, would be the hardest for Jane to shake; in this sense she was undone by the very medium she had mastered.

Still, had she stopped there and returned home with "revolutionary greetings" from Hanoi, Jane's trip might have soon been forgotten. Instead, she volunteered to make ten propaganda broadcasts over Radio Hanoi squarely aimed at demoralizing American servicemen in combat. Excerpts:

> This is Jane Fonda speaking in Hanoi, and I'm speaking privately to U.S. servicemen who are stationed in the Gulf of Tonkin. . . . Seventh Fleet in the Anglico Corps [Marine spotters for naval gunfire] in the south of Vietnam. . . .
>
> You are very far away, perhaps, and removed from the country you're being ordered to shoot shells at and bomb, and the use of these bombs, or the condoning of the use of these bombs, makes one a war criminal.
>
> The men who are ordering you to use these weapons are *war criminals* according to international law, and in the past in Germany and Japan, men who were guilty of these kinds of crimes were *tried and executed.*

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"This is Jane Fonda in Hanoi"

In Hanoi (above), Fonda used camera and microphone to gather anti-American material. Below: She and then-fiancé Tom Hayden tell a news conference about what she saw in North Vietnam.

In a broadcast to U.S. pilots on July 21:

> Nixon is continuing to risk your lives and the lives of the American prisoners of war under the bombs in a last desperate gamble to keep his office come November.
>
> How does it feel to be used as pawns? You may be shot down, you may perhaps even be killed, but for what, and for whom?
>
> The people back home are crying for you. We are afraid of what, what must be happening to you as human beings. For it isn't possible to destroy, to receive salary for pushing buttons and pulling levers that are dropping illegal bombs on innocent people, without having that damage your own soul.
>
> Tonight when you are alone, ask yourselves: What are you doing? Accept no ready answers fed to you by rote from basic training on up; but as men, as human beings, can you justify what you are doing? Do you know why you are flying these missions, collecting extra combat pay on Sunday?

The next day Jane hit the airwaves again:

> This is Jane Fonda in Hanoi. I'm speaking to the men in the cockpits of the Phantoms, in the B-52s, in the F-4s; those of you who are still here fighting the war, in the air, on the ground; the guys in the Anglico Corps, on the Seventh Fleet, the Constellation, the Coral Sea, the Hancock, Ticonderoga, the Kitty Hawk [and] the Enterprise. . . .
>
> All of you, in your heart of hearts, know the lies—cheating on body counts, falsified battle reports, the numbers of planes that are shot down, what your targets really are. Knowing who was doing the lying . . . should you allow these same liars to decide for you who your enemy is? Should we examine the reasons given to justify the *murder you are being paid to commit?*
>
> If they told the truth, you wouldn't fight, you wouldn't kill. You were not born and brought up by your mothers to be killers. So . . . you have been told lies so that it would be possible for you to kill.

To American servicemen with Jane Fonda pinups taped to their lockers, it was as if Betty Grable had begun making Nazi broadcasts from Berlin. Yet their anguish could not compare with that of POWs in Hanoi. Inside the famed "Hanoi Hilton" POW camp, Fonda's words were broadcast over loudspeakers day and night until, in the words of one prisoner, "we almost went crazy."

"It's difficult to put into words how terrible it is to hear that siren song that is so absolutely rotten and wrong," says Colonel George Day, who was ranking officer at the Hanoi Hilton. "It was worse than being manipulated and used. She got into it with all her heart. She wanted the North Vietnamese to win. She caused the deaths of unknown numbers of Americans by buoying up the enemy's spirits and keeping them in the fight. That's not what you'd expect from Henry Fonda's daughter."

Adding insult to injury, the North Vietnamese then rounded up POWs to hold a press conference with Jane and former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, another outspoken antiwar activist. Those prisoners who refused to appear with Fonda—and many

She talks to American POWs in Hanoi, the conversation recorded and photographed by the North Vietnamese. One ex-POW: "If Miss Fonda feels for a minute that any of the people she saw were able to speak freely . . . she's got another think coming. I reject everything I said during those press conferences . . ."

did—were tortured. Day, who had already spent thirty-seven months in solitary confinement, was flogged with a fan belt until his buttocks were "hamburger."

Civilian Michael Benge, an official of the Agency for International Development, had been captured in Cambodia in 1968. "I had to laugh," he recalls. "The Political Commissar of the camp told me that Fonda and the others were being paid by the CIA to come over" and that he should cooperate.

Benge, a survivor of twenty-eight months in solitary (a year of that in a tiny, airless hole called the "Black Box") did not cooperate. For his refusal to meet with Fonda, Benge was forced to kneel on the cold cement floor of his cell holding a steel rod in front of him for two days. Every time the rod dipped to the floor he was brutally beaten. When he finally returned home with the other POWs years later, he was missing part of his right foot.

John McCain, the Republican senator from Arizona, was a prisoner of war in May 1972 when his captors informed him that Fonda was in Hanoi. The North Vietnamese ordered McCain to have his picture taken with her and make statements condemning the war. When he refused, both his arms were broken and he was confined to a six-by-three foot box for five months.

Eventually, eight POWs did meet with Jane and Ramsey Clark at a meticulously orchestrated news conference. Lieutenant Commander David Hoffman, a Navy pilot, was one of them—though at first he refused. His captors broke his arm, then yanked on it until he agreed. "I was hung by that broken arm several times," he recalls, "and allowed to drop at the end of a rope from a table which was kicked out from under me. If Miss Fonda feels for a minute that any of the people she saw were able to speak freely, and were not fully aware that any deviation from what we were told to say or could say would bring instant punishment the minute she departed, then she's got another think coming. I reject everything I said during those press conferences with Jane Fonda."

North Vietnam, she said, would "certainly triumph"

Another POW, a captured pilot held in solitary, whose identity has never been established, was rumored to have been executed for refusing to meet with Jane.

In their carefully scripted remarks, the POWs forced to go on display with their movie-star visitor claimed they were being treated humanely, that they were not being tortured, and that they were eager to see the United States pull out of Vietnam. From the strain on their faces and the robotic delivery of their lines, it was obvious that they were not speaking freely. Jane chose not to notice. Nor did she wonder why she was not permitted to visit the Hanoi Hilton and check out conditions there for herself.

Her last day in Hanoi, Jane met with North Vietnam's vice premier Nguyen Duy Trinh. She told him that she was deeply impressed by the Vietnamese people's determination to emerge victorious. She also told the vice premier that his people would "certainly triumph" over the Americans.

The Communists could not have been more pleased. "That visit and the support it showed had great impact on the Vietnamese people," said North Vietnam's Colonel Bui Tin. "We realized there were two Americans—one who dropped bombs on us, and the other who had sympathy."

Boarding the Aeroflot jet in Hanoi for the flight to Paris, Jane carried with her two hundred forty letters from POWs to their families. She hugged her Vietnamese hosts. As a pledge of their solidarity, they gave her a ring made out of the wreckage of a downed U.S. plane.

At a Paris press conference, Jane narrated a twenty-five minute silent film she had shot in and around Hanoi. Most of the film showed her talking to villagers, examining the ruins of

buildings and dikes. One segment showed the POWs, dressed in purple-and-red-striped uniforms, having dinner with Fonda. The expressions on their faces varied from strained to dazed.

Jane, who on film was shown laughing and talking with the POWs, insisted that they were being well cared for by their North Vietnamese captors. "They [the POWs] assured me they were in good health," she said. "When I asked them if they were brainwashed, they all laughed. Without exception, they expressed shame at what they had done."

Jane then launched into an attack on American prisoner-of-war camps, where, she charged, North Vietnamese POWs were systematically tortured.

Incensed by Jane's actions, Congressmen urged that she be indicted. Meanwhile, resolutions censuring Jane were promptly introduced in the Colorado and Maryland legislatures.

Justice Department officials, fearing that they might create a martyr, declined to move against Jane. That decision did not sit well with her critics. "Declared war or undeclared war," said Georgia Republican Fletcher Thompson, "this is treason."

(Late in 1987 the now 50-year-old Fonda began making a movie in Waterbury, Connecticut. Residents protested her appearance in a city where, one reporter wrote, "patriotism runs deep." As news of the protests spread across the nation, younger Americans, notes the author of Citizen Jane, *got a look at "a very different Jane Fonda—one that the star had been trying to bury for years." To counteract the bad publicity, Fonda asked to appear for an interview with Barbara Walters on ABC's "20/20.")*

Fonda had not slept at all the night before the taping; she was, as she recalled later, exhausted, numb, desperately hoping the inspiration would come, that the words would "really say it." She would have to, in other words, give the performance of her life.

The interview was conducted in the Haydens' high-ceilinged living room, [she was then married to Tom Hayden] and though she tried to look relaxed, Fonda's face was etched with tension.

WALTERS: What lingers in people's minds, what angers many people, was the trip that you took to Hanoi in 1972. There is that famous picture of you aboard the North Vietnamese antiaircraft gun. Tell us how that happened. Did you realize the effect that it would have?

FONDA: No.

WALTERS: What were you doing climbing on that gun?

FONDA: That was a thoughtless and careless thing to have done. For someone like me, who's—I'm in the communication business. I know the power of images. To have put myself in a situation like that was a thoughtless and cruel thing to have done. It was quite normal for visitors to North Vietnam to visit military sites, antiaircraft guns—you're given a helmet to put on—

WALTERS: They give you—the North Vietnamese give you the helmet.

FONDA: Yeah.

WALTERS: Did they encourage you to get on the gun?

FONDA: I'm not sure. I take full responsibility for it. I was not a kid, you know. The responsibility is mine.

WALTERS: Do you feel you were duped by the North Vietnamese for propaganda purposes?

FONDA: No, I don't. I really don't . . . I don't remember being led to this gun. I mean, you know, I'm a strong woman. I'm naive and I make mistakes, but it was my fault that I sat there, you know. I mean, I was a big girl. I could have said no, I can't do this. It was my fault.

Walters then zeroed in on Fonda's broadcasts over Radio Hanoi. Had she called American soldiers war criminals? No, said Jane. An excerpt, obtained by ABC through the Freedom of Information Act, was then played.

> This is Jane Fonda speaking in Hanoi. And I'm speaking particularly to U.S. servicemen who are stationed on the aircraft carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin. I don't know what your officers tell you, those of you who load the bombs on the planes, but one thing that you should know is that these weapons are illegal and the use of these bombs, or the condoning the use of these bombs, makes one a war criminal.

"You asked American soldiers to disobey their orders," Walters persisted. "You called their officers . . . war criminals."

When Does Dissent Become Treason? An Opinion From The U.S. Senate

Senator Hatch: "Treason . . . is not lightly charged or easily committed."

Jane Fonda was accused of treason for having gone to Hanoi to protest the U.S. military role in Vietnam. Some 20 years later other Americans protested, sometimes violently, when President Bush sent troops to the Persian Gulf. We asked U.S. Senators: "When does dissent during wartime become treason?"

This was part of the reply from Senator Orrin G. Hatch of Idaho, a member of the Senate's Committee on the Judiciary:

"Dissent never 'becomes' treason. Dissent plus something else (*e.g.*, levying war) can constitute treason, but it is the something else that is the *sine qua non* of the treason. It is like asking: 'When does carrying a gun become murder?' . . .

"The more interesting question . . . is this: 'When do actions or speech that arguably aid an enemy in time of war become treason?'

"Treason is a capital offense. It is not lightly charged or easily committed . . . The adjective 'treasonous' denotes a form of criminal conduct so limited and severe that I cannot imagine its ever being properly applied to any conduct that could also be fairly characterized by the generic term 'dissent.' "

Fonda was taken aback by this. She had not heard her own broadcasts since making them sixteen years earlier. "I wanted to say to them," she tried to explain, "let's think about what we are doing, all of us, because it's as much an American tragedy as it is a Vietnamese tragedy."

Fonda was in for another rude surprise when Walters asked her to watch a taped interview with retired Navy Captain Eugene "Red" McDaniel, a former POW. McDaniel remembered how he felt when Fonda's words were played over and over on loudspeakers in the streets of Hanoi. "It was kind of hard to keep going," he said. "I felt betrayed and hurt. . . . I don't think the right to dissent extends to the capital city of the enemy in time of war."

"I understand that he has his point of view," Fonda responded coolly. "But we did what we all felt we had to do. . . . I am proud of most of what I did and I am very sorry for some of what I did."

Walters introduced another embarrassing news clip.

"What about these men now that are commenting back home [a reporter asks a thirty-five- year-old Fonda], saying that when you came to Hanoi they were tortured?"

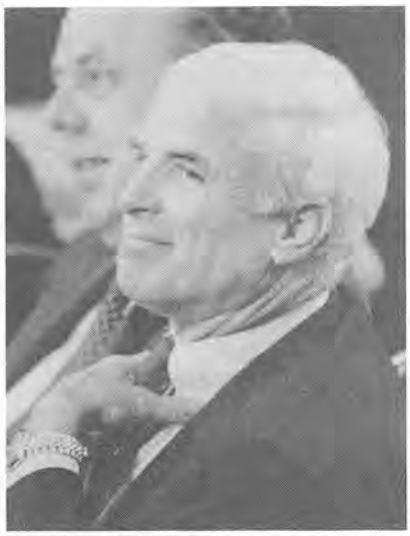
"I think they're lying [she replies point-blank]. I think they're lying and I think they're not only going to have to live with the fact that they were carrying out acts of murder for the rest of their lives, they're also going to have to live with the fact that they're lying on their consciences. It was not—it was not a policy of the North Vietnamese to torture prisoners."

"I was angry," Fonda conceded to Barbara Walters. "I popped off and I shouldn't have done it." She stopped noticeably short, however, of retracting her statement altogether. "It's beside the point. They [the POWs] suffered. They suffered enough. They didn't need to hear from me."

Clearly, this was not enough for Walters. "Jane, you wanted to do this interview because there were some things that you wanted to set straight. . . . There are still people who, I guess, feel you have never apologized. Would you like to just say something to them now?"

"I would like to say something," Fonda replied. Her speech was deliberate, measured. "Not to Vietnam veterans in New England, but to men who were in Vietnam who I hurt or whose pain I caused to deepen because of things that I said or did. I feel that I owe them an apology. My intentions were never to hurt them or make their situation worse. It was the contrary. I was trying to help end the killing, end the war, but there were times when I was thoughtless and careless about it and I'm very sorry that I hurt them. And I want to apologize to them and to their families."

Predictably, Fonda's harshest critics were unconvinced. "Too little, too late," said one veteran interviewed on TV. "She must toss and turn in her sleep," said another, "and I hope she does until her dying day." ■



Senator John McCain: For refusing to appear with Fonda in Hanoi, both of McCain's arms were broken.

As daringly dressed as she was once daringly outspoken, Jane appears at a Hollywood party with Ted Turner. "I am proud of most of what I did," she says of her anti-war days, "and I am very sorry for some of what I did."

By John Devaney

MADONNA & MARILYN

What Today's Winner Learned From Yesterday's Loser

Comparisons have screamed to be made since her 1984 video for the song, "Material Girl," when she dressed up in a silvery gown and did a spoofing version of Marilyn's "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" song and dance turn in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. In the seven years since, Madonna has dressed like Marilyn, bleached her hair like Marilyn's, wiggled across stages around the world like Marilyn, pouted kissy-kissy sexy and wore only her perfume for bare-it-all picture layouts like Marilyn. And in ways almost eerie and certainly downright redundant, she has lived a life that a movie producer like herself might title *Marilyn II*.

Items:

- Both lost their mothers before they were ten: Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone when she was six; Norma Jean Baker when her mentally depressed mother gave her to an orphanage when she was nine.
- Both climbed their way upward from the smellier basements of show business, earning their first paychecks posing for nude photographs; Marilyn as a would-be Hollywood starlet; Madonna as a would-be Manhattan rock singer.
- Both went through brief and quarrel-torn marriages: Marilyn with a factory worker, a former baseball legend, then a Pulitzer-prize winning play-

Madonna on Marilyn: She was "really a slave to the whole Hollywood machinery, and unless you had the strength . . . you were just trapped."

wright; Madonna with a pugnacious movie star.

• Both heard critics taunt that their career success came less from talent and more from what is known in show business as T. and A. Marilyn's acting was scorned despite portrayals in movies like *All About Eve* that are now considered classics; Madonna hears hoots about her singing despite a number of Grammies.

Only believers in the veracity of a crystal ball would predict whether Madonna's future will be enshrouded by the ugly darkness that settled over Marilyn's last days in 1962. Fearful that she was losing her beauty, her figure spreading, unable to speak coherently even a few lines of dialogue on a movie set, tormented by bedroom affairs with President Kennedy and others that ended with her making frantic phone calls that were never returned, Marilyn retched each morning at the studio gate before going to face cameras for a movie she never finished. She died alone, apparently by her own hand, her body and brain poisoned like Elsie's by too much pills and liquor.

Listen to Madonna, however, and she will tell you—as she has told countless interviewers during the past six years—that the mistakes of yesterday's loser have taught her fully how to be today's and tomorrow's winner.

It's 1987 and she is flying from Tokyo to Los Angeles and talking to a Rolling Stones writer. The talk turns to the "Material Girl" video and how people are comparing her to Marilyn.

"Oh, sure," she says, " I mean, at first I enjoyed the comparison between me and her. I saw it all as a compliment: She was very sexy—*extremely* sexy—and she had blond hair, and so on and so forth. Then it started to annoy me because no one wants to continually be compared to someone else. You want people to see that you have a statement of your own to make.

"But, yes, I do feel something for Marilyn Monroe. A sympathy because in those days you were really a slave to the whole Hollywood machinery, and unless you had the strength to pull yourself out of it, you were just trapped. I think she really didn't know what she was getting her-

Madonna on Madonna: "I'm almost playing with [Marilyn's] image and turning it around. . . . What I'm saying is not what she was saying."

John Devaney is the editor of Memories *and the author of* 1941: America Goes to War *(Walker).*

Marilyn & Men: Affairs That Became Unglued

Marilyn's blond charms won her marriages with famous men like Arthur Miller and Joe DiMaggio, as well as roles with major stars like Montgomery Clift and Clark Gable. But the mistakes she made—the skirt-blowing vulgarities that angered DiMaggio, the drugs that widened a chasm between herself and Miller and co-stars like Monty Clift and Clark Gable—turned triumphs into a tragedy.

self into and simply made herself vulnerable, and I feel a bond with that. I've certainly felt that at times—I've felt an invasion of privacy and all that—but I'm determined never to let it get me down. Marilyn Monroe was a victim, and I'm not. That's why there's really no comparison."

But had she ever wondered, the reporter asks, whether she might be going down the same dark tube that sucked Marilyn toward tragedy?

"Oh, yes," she says, explaining how she agonized when the five-year-old photos of her nude suddenly popped up in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* on the eve of her marriage to Sean Penn. "Oh, God," she says she asked herself, "what have I created?"

Now, in the jetliner, she shakes her head to throw off the memory of that time of self-doubts. Then, she tells the reporter, a belief in her own worth and common sense lifed her from a pit of anger and depression. In the end, she says, "I was laughing . . . it was like a movie no one would have believed . . ."

Now it is 1991, Sean Penn is living with someone else, and Madonna is talking to a writer for *The Advocate*, a gay publication. He mentions that gay men have always been attracted to women like Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland and herself. He asks why.

"A lot of people," she answers, "saw Marilyn Monroe and Judy Garland as persecuted and tragic and vulnerable, and I think a lot of gay men feel that way because of their particular predicament in society and not being accepted completely."

The writer asks if Madonna thinks of Marilyn as a role model.

"It's not that I think of her as a role model but she was made into something not human in a way, and I can relate to that. Her sexuality was something everyone was obsessed with, and that I can relate to. And there were certain things about her vulnerability that I'm curious about, and attracted to.

"But I don't see myself as Marilyn

Madonna & Men: Two That Got Away

As a brunette and as a blond, Madonna has had a number of famous men in her life, notably ex-husband Sean Penn and ex-companion Warren Beatty, who starred with her in* Dick Tracy. *She yearns openly for Sean, saying he is one of the few men strong enough to win her respect. But in* Truth or Dare, *she told girl friend Sandra Bernhard she sought a new man in her life. "But where is he?" she asked, laughing, but seeming close to tears.

Monroe. I'm almost playing with her image and turning it around. It's the idea of using imagery that people understand but having a different message. What I'm saying is not what she was saying."

"What is the difference?" she is asked.

"We have different lives. I don't claim to know her, and I can barely believe most of what's been written about her. . . . But the impression that I get is, she didn't know her own strength and didn't know how to nurture it and [that she] wasn't surrounded by nurturing people . . ."

Then, the writer asks, can vulnerability be a female strength?

"Absolutely," she replies.

One listens to Madonna talk about herself—during interviews and in the self-baring documentry movie, *Truth or Dare*—and one comes away believing she has read a great deal about Marilyn and talked to people who knew Marilyn. The perceptions of Marilyn by Marilyn's many biographers and contemporaries are startlingly close to the perceptions of Madonna Ciccone who was only four years old when Marilyn died.

There is, to cite just one example, Madonna's remark that Marilyn "didn't know her own strength and didn't know how to nurture it."

Marilyn, by all accounts of biographers and confidants, was what is now known as a couch potato. Although married to athletic men who liked participant sports, she never played tennis, jogged, and could splash only three or four strokes across a pool before going under. "To Marilyn," said one of her publicists, "swimsuits were for wearing in front of cameras."

But one of her strengths, arguably her main strength, was the lascivious beauty of her body, again T. and A. (The famous Monroe face was not the face her Creator gave her: Plastic surgery in the early 1950s firmed and reshaped a weak chin.)

But Marilyn never sashayed into a

workout room to keep that body shapefully round. Madonna knows her strength. With a voice that she often puts down herself as "not as good as plenty of others," her strength is an athleticism that lets her bound across stages night after night in bare costumes that show legs, buttocks and breasts as firm as an Olympic sprinter's.

That body stems from a self-discipline that forbids only a minumum of junk food and alcohol (she had two vodka martinis one New Year's Eve and passed out) and a passion for exercising at least two to three hours a day.

"I would stay in the gym forever," she says, "It's a great place to work out aggression or, if you're feeling depressed about something, you get on the Lifecycle and you forget it."

What also makes one aware of how closely Madonna has apparently studied the Marilyn tragedy is the remark about Marilyn "not being surrounded by nurturing people."

A show business biographer, Douglas Warren, claimed Marilyn's acting coach, Natasha Lytess, gave Marilyn wrong-headed advice about the roles she should play. Warren added that ". . . Lytess was only one of Marilyn's advisers. Marilyn had a retinue of 'wise men' ranging from Los Angeles to New York . . . Everyone but Marilyn herself seemed to know what was best for her."

One of those "wise men" was a young New York photographer, Milton Greene. According to at least one biographer, Greene arranged for Marilyn to sign a long-range contract with 20th Century Fox that resulted in her earning about $100,000 a picture at a time when Hollywood's fading blond queen, Betty Grable, reeled in at least a million dollars a picture.

Of Marilyn's dependence on others, Hollywood columnist Sheilah Graham wrote after her divorce from Arthur Miller: "Marilyn believed that Miller, as Johnny Hyde [her former agent] had been before his death, was someone who wanted to take care of her, who understood her, and who worshipped her."

Dead at the age of 36, Marilyn is remembered almost 30 years later by DiMaggio, who sends flowers to her burial site, and by millions, like Madonna, who see her as a victim of her own mistakes.

Now, to the bottom line on winning and losing: money. In the seven years before Marilyn's death, her movies grossed almost $250 million. Although she was the top female movie star of her time, she lived modestly in a bungalow-type house in Los Angeles and an apartment in Manhattan. One biographer states she "could never afford the nice clothes—the designer clothes—that Grable and Crawford and the rest bought routinely on trips to New York and Paris." Her salary was frequently suspended, often after arguments between her advisers and the studio. When she died, her estate was so low in funds that Joe DiMaggio had to step forward with $800 for her coffin.

Madonna would seem to have learned the lessons from Marilyn—and others in show business—who took advice from "wise men" and ended up bankrupt. Madonna Ciccone listens to advisers, but either she—or they or both—seem to be doing right all the things of a financial nature that Marilyn did wrong. Forbes, a business magazine, recently crowned her on its cover as "America's No. 1 Businesswoman."

"She is the president and sole owner of a multi-million-dollar corporate organization," Forbes said in describing her record making, her world-wide rock tours, her videos and movies like *Truth or Dare*, which she financed herself for $4 million and which could gross $100 million. The corporation has hundreds of employees and a half-dozen separate units, including Sire Records and Siren Films. ("Do you know what a siren is?" Madonna confided to friend. "A siren is a woman who makes a fool out of men.")

Forbes estimated she earned $39 million in 1990, making her the nation's top-earning female entertainer (only seven men entertainers, Bill Cosby at the top, earned more).

While the Cyndi Laupers of rock and roll "rise fast and fade fast," commented Forbes, Madonna has stayed near the top for all five years that Forbes has been keeping its list of top-paid entertainers. Since 1986, estimated Forbes, Madonna has earned at least $125 million.

Madonna, unlike most entertainers, "has a very strong hand in deal making and financing of her enterprises," says Disney executive Jeffrey Katzenberg. "Nothing gets done without her participation. She uses her lawyers and money men as aides in making her own judgements as opposed to having them run her life."

Madonna is quick to confirm all of the above. "I do what I want," she says. "I'm the boss."

Madonna shows how keenly she studied Marilyn's disastrous career when she called Marilyn "a slave" to the studios. Indeed, most of Marilyn's biographers portray her as a silent slave in her dealings with the studios. Called in to the office of a studio mogul to be scolded, Marilyn stood tongue tied and walked out weeping, phoning friends while crying hysterically. Once, just before Marilyn came

Alive and bursting out all over at the age of 33, Madonna may be putting the blond and armored-body look—pointy bras and all—of the Blond Ambition Tour behind her. Having beaten out Meryl Streep for the title role in* Evita, *she may now become the bankable Movie Star, three movies in the works.

on stage to present an Oscar at an Academy Awards ceremony, 20th Century chief Darryl F. Zanuck sneered to an aide: "Wait until you see our girl. She can barely speak."

Madonna has learned how to take on the Zanucks of her world. "I love meetings with suits," she says with a devilish laugh. I *live* for meetings with suits. I love them [the executives] because I know they had a really boring week and I walk in there with my orange velvet leggings and drop popcorn in my cleavage and then fish it out and eat it. I like that. I know I'm entertaining them and I know that they know."

Let us accept as a proven that Madonna has learned from most of the mistakes that dogged Marilyn. But this question would seem to be awaiting an answer still in the future: Will her love life be as tragic as Marilyn's?

Marilyn's first marriage to James Dougherty ended when Hollywood waved a starlet's contract and the stars in her eyes got between her and a factory worker. Her marriage to Joe DiMaggio became unglued when she realized he liked to stay home at night watching TV. Her marriage to Arthur Miller ended when drugs made her behavior erratic and exhausting to those around her. In between, she bedded agents and actors, but a long-term affair with John Kennedy came to an end when he and his aides realized she might make the affair public and cost him the White House. She died phoning hysterically for former lovers like Frank Sinatra and Bobby Kennedy.

Neither has Madonna's love life been the shoot-the-moon success of her professional life. She talks candidly of sleeping with a string of lovers until Sean Penn caught her eye in 1983. But that quarrelsome union ended abruptly in their Malibu home one night when, she later charged, he knocked her around.

Sean now lives with an actress and their child. Madonna makes clear she still loves him.

"I go to his movies," she says, "just like a fan. I can sit through him kissing an actress, but when I saw him kissing one girl's breast, I said, 'He's mine, bitch,' and walked out."

And came back to see the movie again.

"I long for children," she says. "I wish that I was married and in a situation where having a child would be possible. (But) I want a father there . . ."

But you can go through turbulence in romantic affairs and still end up a winner—witness Mickey Rooney, for one. And whatever the similarities in their unhappy affairs with men, there is a basic difference, an entertainment executive recently said, between yesterday's sex goddess and the reigning sex goddess. It is a difference, one suspects, that the canny Ciccone grasped about the same time she spoofed Marilyn in her "Material Girl" video:

"Madonna started out on her record albums with a trampy look," he says. "Then she changed to a more feminine Marilyn look and again to the futuristic blond look and armored body look for the Blond Ambition Tour. Now she's repositioning herself. No more of those round-the-world concerts, no more The Rock Singer and Dancer. Now she is identifying herself as The Movie Actress [in a Woody Allen film, a baseball picture, then *Evita*]. That's smart because maybe Andy Warhol was right—that we'll all be famous, but only for fifteen minutes. Madonna keeps changing so she can keep coming back on for another fifteen minutes. Marilyn never changed." ■

SPACE

By Buzz Aldrin and Malcolm McConnell

YESTERDAY The Moon— TOMORROW To Mars

On July 16, 1969, America launched Apollo 11, perhaps the single most audacious endeavour in human history. Three astronauts—Buzz Aldrin, Neil Armstrong and Mike Collins—soared in spacecraft *Columbia* toward a place where mankind had only dreamed of being—the moon. Four days later, as Collins hovered above them in *Columbia*, Aldrin and Armstrong dropped in a lunar module toward the gray-cratered lunar surface . . .

As the spacecraft flew backward, Neil and I watched the green-digits blink on the small computer screen. We arched westward along the equator of the moon. Through the triangular windows of the lunar module, we could see a chaotic map of endless gray craters.

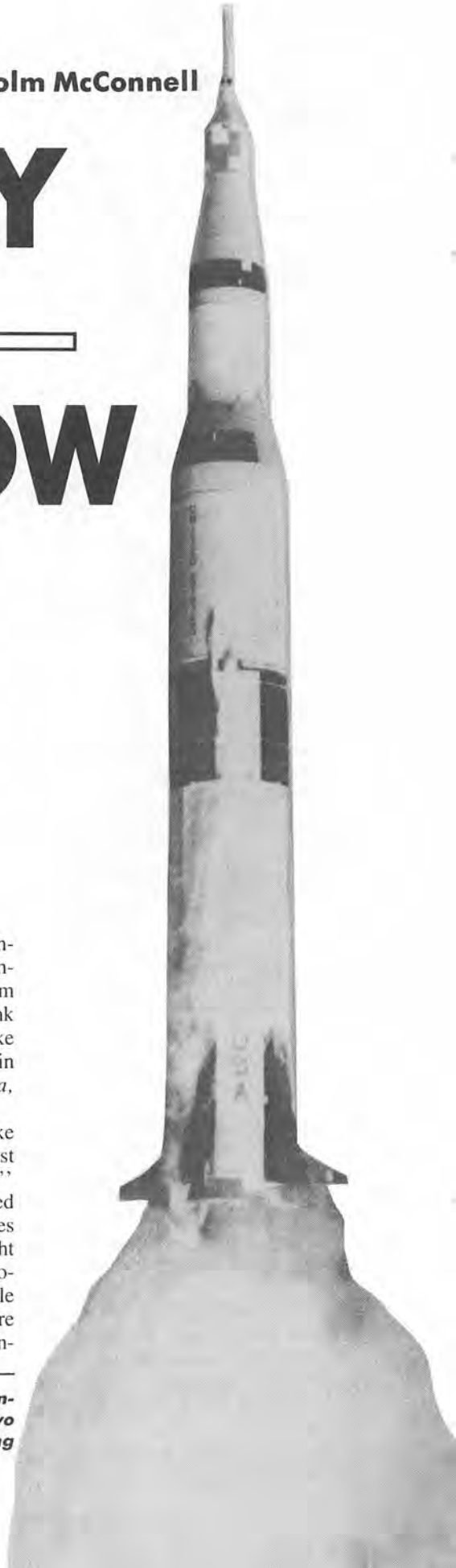
At this point, there was no sensation of falling. We glided, on surfaces parallel to the surfaces. We were near "perilune"—the lowest point on our coasting orbit—10 miles over the silent craters. Soon the computer would initiate the final 12 minutes of the landing attempt, powered descent.

"*Eagle*, Houston," the capcom, Charlie Duke, called from Mission Control, a quarter million miles away. "If you read, you're go for powered descent."

Charlie's voice was barely distinguishable in my headset. Since coming around the limb of the moon from the far side, our voice and data link with Houston had been shaky. Mike Collins, orbiting 50 miles above us in the command module *Columbia*, heard Houston clearly.

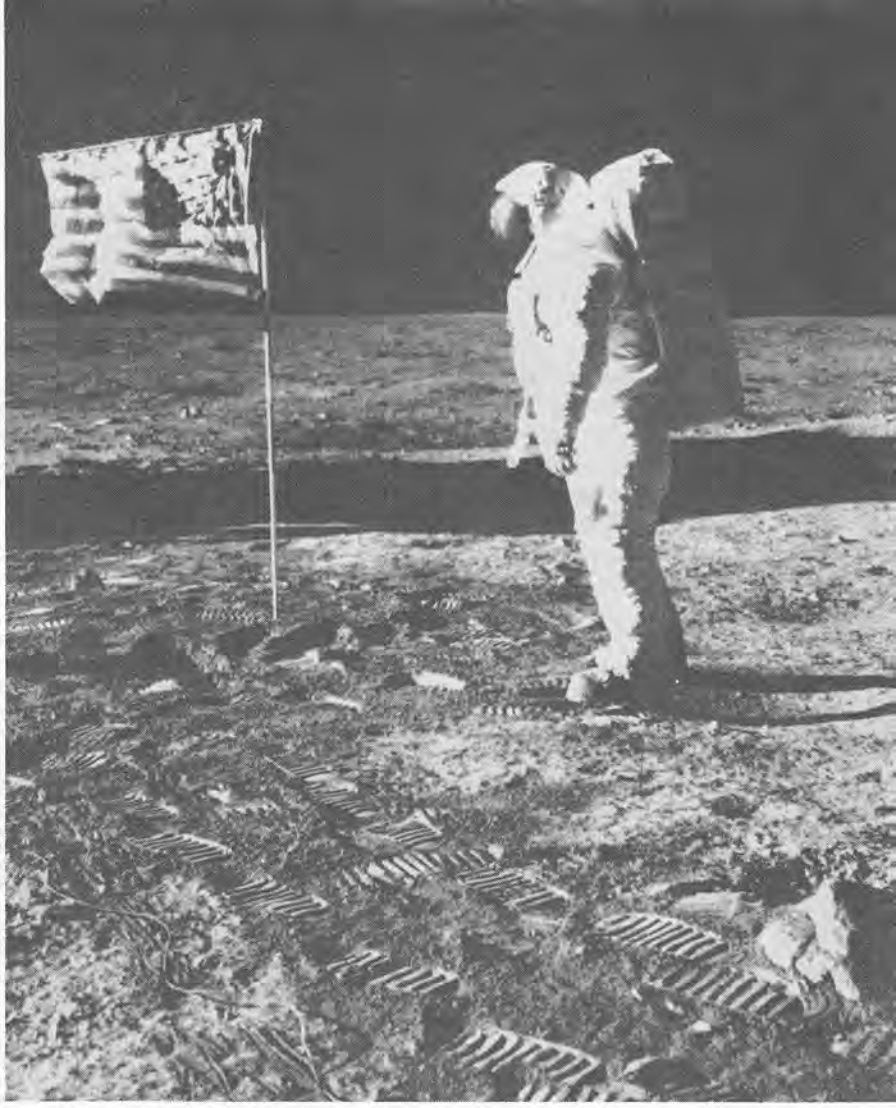
"*Eagle*, this is *Columbia*," Mike called, his voice calm. "They just gave you a go for powered descent."

The pocket moonscope rolled closer in my window. Four minutes into the turn, I began to feel the weight in my arms caused by our first prolonged sag of deceleration, a subtle imitation of gravity. My pressure boots flexed and my limbs settled in-



Apollo 11 takes off from Cape Kennedy carrying Aldrin and his two fellow astronauts—Neil Armstrong and Mike Collins—to the moon.

Moon walker Buzz Aldrin tells how he explored the lunar landscape in 1969 and why he believes we can land on Mars sooner than you might think



Aldrin, at left in his spacesuit, walks on the moon near the American flag planted by him and Neil Armstrong. The first footprints of humans on the moon can be seen in the foreground. Earlier Armstrong had proclaimed as he stepped onto the moon: "That's one small step for . . . man, one giant leap for mankind."

side my suit.

"*Eagle*, Houston. You are go," Charlie Duke announced, his voice clearer now through the hissing static. "Take it all at four minutes. Roger, you are go to continue powered descent. . . ."

The horizon moved across my window and settled at the bottom as the LM completed its slow rotation on its vertical axis. A gradual pitch-over would bring the lander to its final descent posture, with our feet toward the lunar surface. Now we could see Earth, a partial disk of blue, white, and brown hanging far above the serrated horizon of the moon.

While the engine fired, the pitch-over continued and Earth slipped past the top of my window. My instrument panel was now alive with winking data. We passed 35,000 feet. For the first time we felt the rapid descent.

We dropped through 20,000 feet, eating up altitude at 150 feet a second. As the LM continued tilting forward, our triangular windows filled with craters and humped ridges. During this phase we had to be sure we were heading toward a safe landing spot, but all we saw were gray craters and boulder fields.

The pitch-over maneuver continued, giving us an excellent view of the rills and craters below us. Neil hunched over his hand controller knob, ready to take command if the automatic landing system led us into danger. I began a continuous series of readouts, giving both Neil and Mission Control a detailed description of our final descent.

At 500 feet, Neil was not satisfied with the landing zone. He took over manual control from the computer, slowing our descent from 20 feet per second to only nine, and then at 300 feet, to a descent of only three and a half feet per second. The LM hovered above its cone of flame. Neil did not like what he saw below. He delicately stroked the hand controller like a careful motorist fine-tuning his cruise control. We scooted horizontally across a field of bubbly boulders. Two hundred feet and our hover slid toward a faster descent rate.

"Eleven forward, coming down nicely," I called, eyes scanning the instruments. "Two hundred feet, four and a half down. Five and a half down. One sixty . . . Quantity light."

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We were less than 200 feet from landing on the moon, but Neil again slowed the descent.

Simultaneously, Charlie's voice warned, "Sixty seconds."

The ascent engine fuel tanks were full, but completely separate from the big descent engine. We had a maximum of 60 seconds of fuel remaining in the descent stage before we had to land or abort. But Neil had slowed to a hover again as he searched the ground below.

"Down two and a half," I called. "Forward. Forward. Good. Forty feet. Down two and a half. Picking up some dust. Thirty feet. . . ."

"Thirty seconds," Charlie announced solemnly, but still Neil hovered.

The descent engine roared silently, devouring the last of its fuel supply. Again, I eyed the ABORT STAGE button. "Drifting right," I called, watching the shadow of a footpad probe straining to touch the surface. "Contact light." We settled silently onto the moon, with perhaps 20 seconds of fuel remaining in the descent stage. Immediately, I began preparing the LM for a sudden abort ascent, in the event the landing had damaged the *Eagle* or the lunar surface was not strong enough to support our weight."

"Okay, engine stop," I told Neil, reciting from the checklist. "ACA out of detent."

"Got it," Neil answered quietly, disengaging his hand control system.

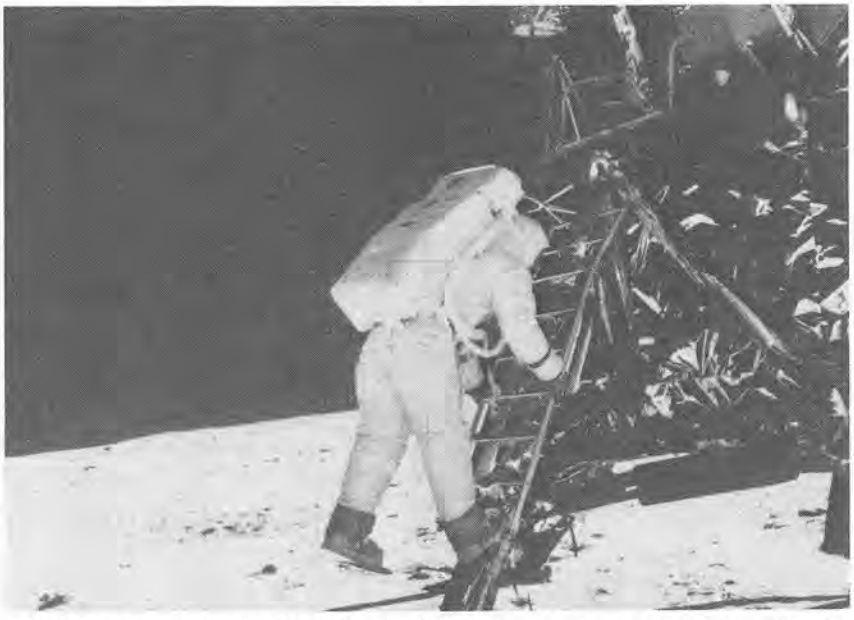
"We copy you down, *Eagle*," Charlie Duke interrupted from Houston.

From the window before my face I looked out over the alien rock and shadow of the moon. I breathed inside my helmet, totally absorbed. A mile away, the horizon curved into blackness.

"Houston," Neil called, "Tranquillity Base here. The *Eagle* has landed."

"Roger, Tranquillity," Charlie said, "we copy you on the ground. You've got a bunch of guys about to turn blue. We're breathing again. Thanks a lot."

Left to right: Aldrin, Collins and Armstrong wave to wellwishers on their way to the Apollo 11. "To undertake a Mars mission in the next 30 years," says Aldrin, "we have to begin comprehensive planning now."



Aldrin comes down the Module's ladder onto the moon, this photo taken by Armstrong, the first on the moon. "Lunar gravity was so springy," recalls Aldrin, "that going down the ladder was both tricky and pleasant."

I reached across and shook Neil's hand, hard. We had pulled if off. Five months and ten days before the end of the decade, two Americans had landed on the moon.

Seven hours after we touched down on the moon, we depressurized the LM, and Neil opened the hatch. My job was to guide him as he backed out on his hands and knees onto the small porch. He worked slowly, trying not to jam his backpack on the hatch frame. When he reached the ladder attached to the forward landing leg, he moved down carefully.

The new capcom, Bruce McCandless, verified that we were doing everything correctly. Once Neil reached over and pulled a line to deploy the LM's television camera, Bruce said, "We're getting a picture on the TV."

"I'm at the foot of the ladder," Neil said, his voice slow and precise. "The LM footpads are only depressed in the surface about one or two inches." The surface was a very fine-grain powder. "I'm going to step off the LM now. . . ."

From my window I watched Neil

"I'm at the foot of the ladder," Neil said

Aldrin walks near gear used to test lunar winds. To test how maneuverable man was on the surface, he tried to jog. "I had to plan ahead several steps to bring myself to a stop or to turn, without falling."

In a quarantine chamber aboard the aircraft carrier Hornet, the three astronauts—(l. to r.) Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin—are welcomed home by a jovial President Nixon. Twenty years later Aldrin would talk to another President, George Bush, about his ideas for a Mars landing.

move his blue lunar overshoe from the metal dish of the footpad to the powder-gray surface.

"That's one small step for . . . man, one giant leap for mankind."

Lunar gravity was so springy that coming down the ladder was both pleasant and tricky. I took a practice run at getting back up to that high first step, and then I hopped down beside Neil.

"Isn't that something?" Neil asked. "Magnificent sight out here."

I turned around and looked out at a horizon that dropped steeply away in all directions. We were looking "down sun," so there was only a black void beyond the edge of the moon. For as far as I could see, pebbles, rock fragments, and small craters covered the surface. Off to the left, I could make out the rim of a larger crater. I breathed deeply, goose flesh covering my neck and face. "Beautiful, beautiful," I said. "Magnificent desolation."

Stepping out of the LM's shadow was a shock. One moment I was in total darkness, the next in the sun's hot floodlight. From the ladder I had seen all the sunlit moonscape beyond our shadow, but with no atmosphere, there was absolutely no refracted light around me. I stuck my hand out past the shadow's edge into the sun, and it was like punching through a barrier into another dimension. I moved around the legs of the LM to check for damage.

"Looks like the secondary strut has a little thermal effect on it right here, Neil," I said, pointing to some engine burn on the leg.

"Yeah," Neil said, coming over beside me. "I noticed that."

We were both in the sun again, our helmets close together. Neil leaned toward me and clapped his gloved hand on my shoulder. "Isn't it fun?" he said.

I was grinning ear to ear, even though the gold visor hid my face. Neil and I were standing on the moon.

As we moved about getting ready to set up our experiments, I watched the toe of my boot strike the surface. The gray dust shot out with machinelike precision, the grain landing nearly equidistant from my toe. I was fascinated by this, and for the first time *felt* what it was like to walk on the airless moon.

One of my tests was to jog away from the LM to see how maneuverable an astronaut was on the surface. I remembered what Isaac Newton had taught us two centuries before: mass and weight are not the same. I weighed only 60 pounds, but my *mass* was the same as it was on Earth. Inertia was a problem. I had to plan ahead several steps to bring myself to a stop or to turn, without falling.

But after a few jogging turns, I figured out how to move quite easily. Time was going by quickly, I realized, when Neil signaled me over to unveil the plaque. We stood beside the LM leg and Neil read the words:

"HERE MEN FROM THE PLANET EARTH
FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE MOON
JULY 1969, A.D.
WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND."

SPACE

"Cycler" spacecraft, says Aldrin, would "permit travel between Earth and Mars with dependable regularity"

To Mars

On July 20, 1989, the 20th anniversary of the first moon landing, I stood on the steps of the National Air and Space Museum with my Apollo II crewmates, Mike Collins and Neil Armstrong, listening to President George Bush announce that mankind was about to embark on another great age of discovery. The president proclaimed that the United States would return to the moon and venture on to Mars in the next century.

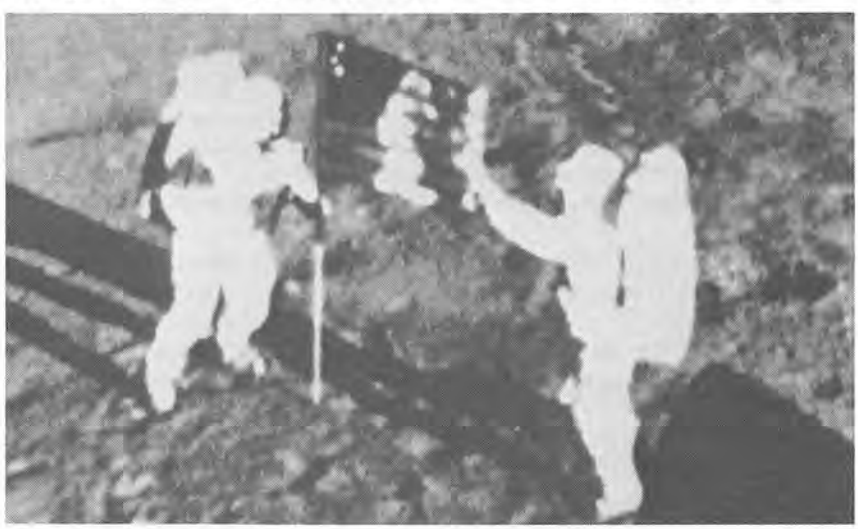
To undertake a Mars mission in the next 30 years we have to begin comprehensive planning now. So it's fair to ask what types of spacecraft and flight plans offer the most promise for success on mankind's most ambitious exploration.

Some planners favor a much more massive version of the spacecraft we used in the Apollo mission, which would be assembled at a spaceport in low Earth orbit (LEO) and then propelled beyond Earth's gravity by large, expendable rocket engines. Such a conventional spacecraft would have to decelerate both for landing at Mars and on the return to Earth requiring a large expenditure of propellant or the use of an atmospheric aerobrake shield.

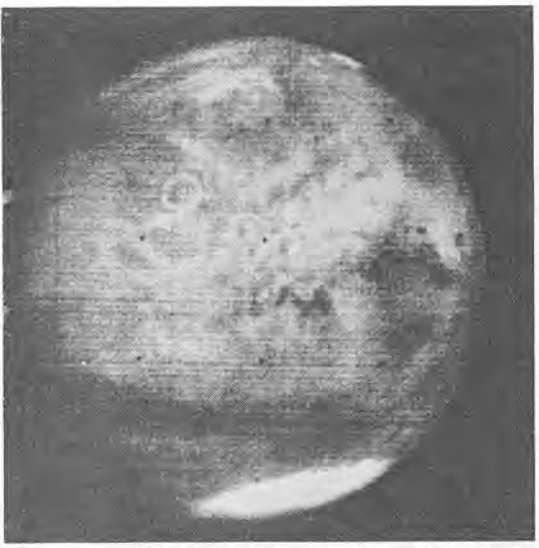
To optimize use of the heavy aerobraking equipment, the crew and cargo—including Mars landers—would have to be lumped together on a single jumbo vehicle. When prudent equipment redundancies are added to propellant loads, a manned Mars vehicle would weigh thousands of tons, as compared with the Apollo moonship's 40 tons.

Furthermore, no matter how massive these traditional spacecraft are at the outset of the voyage, they must shed their valuable modular stages in order to dump mass and lessen the amount of propellant needed for braking, making them too expensive for sustained Earth-Mars transportation. If we rely on conventional multistage spacecraft, we risk limiting human exploration of Mars to a few expensive "footprints and flagpoles" expeditions.

On the 20th anniversary of the moon landing, President Bush meets with Armstrong (left) and Aldrin (right), Vice President Quayle between them, to announce plans to explore Mars. "If we rely on conventional spacecraft," warns Aldrin, "we risk limiting human exploration of Mars to a few expensive 'footprints' and 'flagpole' expeditions," like his and Armstrong's lunar landing (below) in 1969. There's a better way, he says.



I believe there's a better approach. Several years ago Tom Paine, the chairman of the National Commission

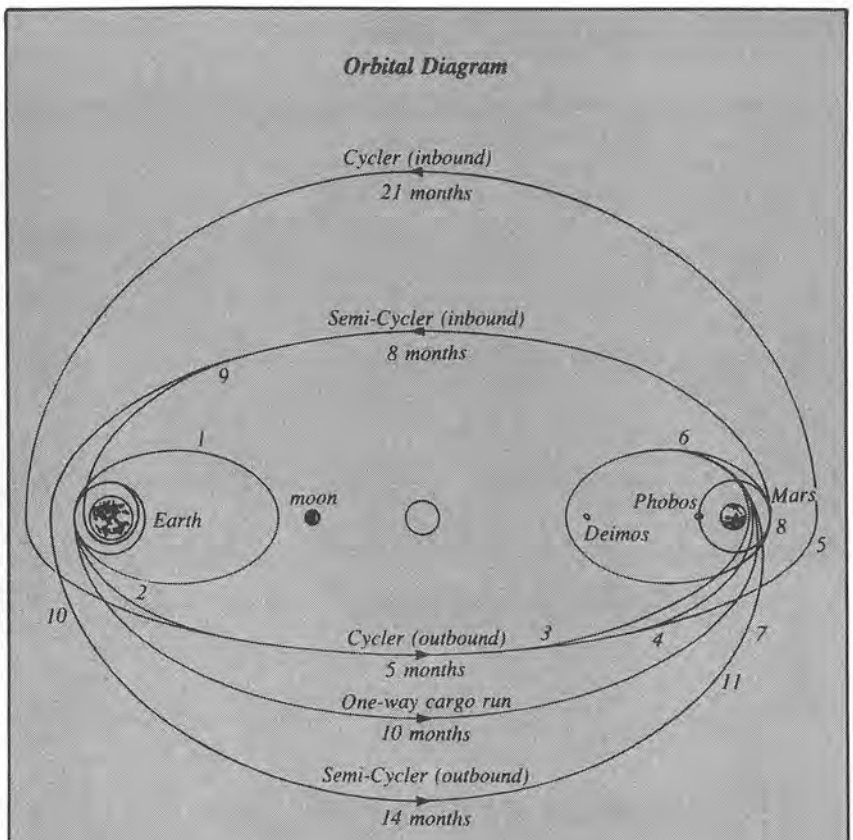


Next target for American space explorers: Mars. Aldrin envisions a five-month-long outward-bound trip from Earth to Mars, an eight-month trip home, using the Cycler System he outlines at right.

on Space, encouraged me to expand my investigations into the use of spacecraft that would permanently cycle between the orbits of Earth and Mars. The results of these studies were included in the commission's 1986 report, *Pioneering the Space Frontier*. Such cycling spacecraft, one for manned outbound journeys and another for manned return trips, would use gravity assists from flybys of the planets to boost them along their orbits.

The major advantage of this approach is that it involves reusable spacecraft, which I call "Cyclers," on continuous gravity-assisted trajectories. These spacecraft, with their massive crew support equipment, no longer have to accelerate and decelerate off and onto planets because they continuously cycle along their orbits.

With the support of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, I developed a family of Cycler trajectories that take advantage of recurring planetary encounters to permit travel between Earth and Mars with dependable regularity. Since then I have expanded cycling concepts into a blueprint for a relatively inexpensive and reusable Mars transportation system, which includes a family of permanent orbital staging facilities I call "Starports," and a series of smaller spacecraft to taxi crew members to and from these spacecraft and the planets. ■



TO MARS AND BACK WITH THE CYCLER SYSTEM

1. Riding in two or three small transport "taxis," the crew leaves the low-Earth-orbit Starport. They enter a staging orbit around Earth that positions them properly relative to the Cycler. These vehicles rendezvous and mate with refueled propulsion stages from L-2.

2. One to three days after leaving the staging orbit, the convoy of vehicles intercepts the Cycler and begins the five-month trip to Mars.

3. About two months before the Cycler encounters Mars, the propulsion stages for the return trip depart for the orbiting Mars Starport, timed to arrive safely ahead of the crew.

4. Shortly before encountering Mars, the crew leaves the Cycler in their taxis for a one- to three-day journey to aerobrake into Mars' atmosphere and then rendezvous with the Mars Starport.

5. The unmanned cycler continues on a 21-month loop back to Earth.

6. The crew arrives at the Mars Starport, which serves as a permanent facility for servicing and dispatching landers for the exploration of Mars and its moons.

7. The Semi-Cycler, returning on the Earth-to-Mars leg of its journey, aerobrakes into Mars orbit about 16 months after the crew's arrival at Mars and four months before their departure.

8. To begin their eight-month trip back to the vicinity of Earth, the crew mates their taxis and three propulsion stages to the Semi-Cycler and thrusts away from the Mars Starport.

9. Just prior to encountering Earth, the crew taxis and propulsion stages separate from the Semi-Cycler and head for the LEO Starport.

10. The unmanned Semi-Cycler continues on, making a 14-month return to Mars.

11. The Semi-Cycler aerobrakes for recovery at the Mars Starport for use by the next mission's crew, and the cycle continues.

I LOVE LUCY *ALL IN THE FAMILY*

TV sitcoms come and go. Here's the inside story of how one of the first—and best—of the sitcoms almost never made it to the ratings race. . .

Making Room For Danny

By Danny Thomas
with Bill Davidson

By 1951 television had quickly blossomed as a major entertainment medium. People were staying home to watch Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater* and Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*. Most TV production was being done in New York, but some programs, including the fabulously successful *I Love Lucy*, were coming from Hollywood.

Uncle Abe Lastfogel [his agent] got word, through his ear which was always to the ground, that NBC was planning a Hollywood-based variety series. There would be four hosts, each headlining a show every fourth week. It sounded like a good vehicle to keep me at home at least a quarter of the time, and I was signed for what came to be called *The Four Star Revue*. The other hosts were Ed Wynn, Jack Carson, and Jimmy Durante. Quite a cast. It's a shame we couldn't work together. We hardly ever saw one another.

Alas, *Four Star Revue* was just not right for me. It was a mishmash of singers, dancers, jugglers, and sketches. My style was slow-development storytelling, for which there just wasn't time. I had to get on and off and introduce the jugglers.

CHEERS

Another disappointment was that the show didn't give me the time at home with my family that I thought it would. Part of that was my fault. With three weeks off every month, I felt underutilized and rushed off to do nightclub dates and fund-raising for St. Jude between shows. In the one week I was home, my time was pretty much taken up with rehearsals and script alterations

But my constant *kvetching* about wanting to be home with my wife and kids certainly caught the attention of Uncle Abe Lastfogel. He had that on his mind as he watched the inauguration of a totally new television network, ABC. Before that, there had only been NBC, CBS, and the now long-forgotten DuMont network. Since they were starting from scratch, ABC was hungry for shows. One of the people they desperately wanted was Ray Bolger, a proven talent both on Broadway and as a TV guest star.

But to get to Bolger, they had to deal with his agent, the wily old horse trader Abe Lastfogel. That's when Uncle Abe said to ABC, "Okay, you can have Bolger for a half hour show, but only if you also take Danny Thomas for a half hour as well." They reluctantly agreed.

And that's how the greatest career break of my life came about.

I needed help. The William Morris people told me that Lou Edelman was available. Lou had been the producer on my film, *I'll See You in My Dreams*. He was close to Mel Shavelson, who had been one of the movie's writers—as well as having been a writer for Bob Hope for some years. I prevailed on Lou to come over to my house to kick around some ideas, and he brought Mel along.

It started out as a pretty desultory meeting. They quickly decided that a sitcom was the only way to go, and I agreed. But then we discarded every idea that came up, even my own favorite concept—a theatrical boarding house with kooky show-business characters. It just didn't work.

That's when Mel Shavelson got up to leave, and I began my long pleading to come up with *something* that would allow me to stay in Los Angeles, at home with my kids. That I was away on the road so much that they hardly knew me, that they called me "Uncle Daddy," that I didn't know my girls' dress sizes, that I wanted my son to know me as something more than a telephone pal.

And that's when Mel leaped to his feet and yelled. "*That's* the concept. I can write it overnight."

I said, "*What* overnight? That wasn't a concept I was telling you. I was just wailing about my problems."

Mel said, "That's the essence of comedy, going back to Charlie Chaplin and even before. Show me a man in trouble, and I'll show you a funny man." I was still bewildered. Rosie [his wife] had been listening at the door, and she wasn't bewildered.

The cast of* Make Room for Daddy, *left to right, Marjorie Lord, Angela Cartwright, Rusty Hamer, Danny and Sherry Jackson. Like its contemporary,* I Love Lucy, *and successors like* All in the Family *and* Cheers, *Danny's pioneering show presented people confronting weekly dilemmas.

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She thought the idea was great, and she offered her title for the series: *Make Room for Daddy*. I can explain that: While I was away, the two girls slept in our bedroom with their mother. The dresser drawers, which usually held my shirts, were filled with my daughters' little panties, stockings, sweaters, whatever. Making room for Daddy (when I was coming home) meant that they had to clean out their little panties, stockings, sweaters and whatever, and move them to their own dressers in their own rooms.

Lou and Mel loved Rosie's title and it went on Mel's script, which he finished, not quite overnight, but in two days. It was essentially the story of Danny Thomas's dilemma—how an entertainer struggles to maintain a normal family life while pursuing his offbeat itinerant life in show business. My character on the series was to be named Danny Williams.

As a nightclub performer, Danny was making a lot of money in the 1950s. "But my constant* kvetching *about wanting to be home with the wife and kids certainly caught the attention of Uncle Abe Lastfogel," he remembers. "That's how the greatest career break of my life came about."

We assembled quite a cast on Soundstage Five. To play my wife, Margaret, we signed an accomplished stage and screen actress, Jean Hagen. She had been in *Another Part of the Forest* and *Born Yesterday* on Broadway and had earned an Oscar nomination for *Singing in the Rain*. We found two darling kids to play my six-year-old son, Rusty, and my eleven-year-old daughter, Terry. They were Rusty Hamer and Sherry Jackson. I loved them because they reminded me so much of my own children.

And then there was Hans Conried. There are no words to describe this literate, witty, urbane man. At first he played guest roles—my ne'er-do-well Cousin Carl, my Uncle Oscar, a nudnik named Derik Campbell—and he finally settled in as my Uncle Tonoose, patterned after my own Uncle Tony. Hans took great delight in insulting me, and I loved every minute of it. Once, watching my habit of chewing tobacco and using spittoons which I had set up all over the soundstage, he said, "I once did a scene with an unhousebroken bear who was neater than you are." He said terrible things like that with such delightful haughtiness that I could never get mad at him.

After just twelve weeks on the air in 1953, we won the Sylvania Award, tying the prestigious *U.S. Steel Hour* for the distinction of being named the best new show of the year. It would be nice to say that everything was going smoothly, but it wasn't.

On one level, it was fine. I loved the two kids in the show, Rusty Hamer and Sherry Jackson. In a way, I had two families at one time—my own kids at home at night, my show-kids for several hours in the daytime. When I bought presents for Marlo, Terry, and Tony, I also bought them for Rusty and Sherry. Between shots, Rusty and I would go outside and toss a baseball, a football, or a basketball—according to the season. Poor Rusty suffered a tragedy in his young life not long after the series began when his real father died. So I redoubled my efforts to show him love and to keep his mind occupied. One day, he came up, threw his arms around me,

With Jean Hagen (left), his TV "wife," there was uncomfortable tension. "Her professional and personal habits tended to annoy me . . . Onstage, she began by being just as cool in her part as she was in real life." But with Jean Hagen's successor, Marjorie Lord (right), "the entire stage relationship between me and Marjorie worked."

and said weepingly, "You're the only Daddy I have now."

On a second level, things were not so fine. Jean Hagen, in the all-important role of my wife, was aloof in her dealings with the rest of us, sometimes even snobbish. I guess it had to do with her stage training, and the fact that she had played fairly significant roles both in the theater and in films. Her professional and personal habits tended to annoy me as well. Onstage, she began by being just as cool in her part as she was in real life. I finally had to say to Jean, "Look, we're supposed to be married. The audience thinks we sleep together at night. Yet, you never come close enough to me to even touch. Married people are supposed to touch and hug. I'm supposed to be able to inhale the smell of you, your perfume." I guess I was like a peasant berating a queen, but she responded.

Another thing that bugged me about Jean was that she was a *schlump*. On rehearsal days, we all wore jeans and sloppy clothes, but she carried it too far. You know, I love the lady beautiful. I raised a couple of them and I married one—not in that order, of course. So when I heard that Robert Kintner, the top network executive was coming to the set, I said to Jean, "For God's sake, put on high heels, put on a little lipstick."

One of the complications was that Kintner liked Jean a lot. I'm not saying he was enamored of her or anything like that, but he certainly was pushing her career. He was the one who insisted on her for *Make Room for Daddy*, and he always made it clear that he considered her the pivotal character in the series. That put the entire show into a mess later on.

"The whole situation was typical of the crazy ways of television"

All of which goes to prove that the public—even with a zealous press digging away—rarely knows what is going on behind the scenes in a show-business operation.

For example, a behind-the-scenes flap involving Jean nearly derailed us early on in the series. Our first director was Bill Asher (who married Elizabeth Montgomery), very kindly loaned to us from the *I Love Lucy* staff by my good friend Desi Arnaz, who wanted us to get off to a good start. Asher directed our first nine episodes. At about the same time, the William Morris Agency had sent over Sheldon Leonard, then an actor renowned for his tough gangster roles. Norman Brokaw of William Morris told me that Sheldon wanted to become a director, and asked if he could look over Bill Asher's shoulder to learn TV directing techniques. We said fine.

Well, Sheldon was such a quick learner that by the time Bill Asher was finishing his nine weeks, he was letting Sheldon handle a lot of sequences. He obviously was good at it, so when Asher left, we hired Sheldon as the full-time director. That caused an immediate hassle with Jean Hagen's husband, who told me, "I don't want my wife to be directed by that gangster actor." We stood firm, and Sheldon Leonard remained as the director of our series. A good thing, too. Because that was my first association with a man who eventually became my partner in television production—and my lifelong friend.

At that time in the infancy of *Make*

Room for Daddy, Sheldon and I and everyone else were involved in a lot of tension on the set. Nevertheless, all of us—including Jean—worked hard and turned out a good show every week, presenting a happy face to the public. In the first year we won the Emmy for the best new show. We were renewed for the next year, and then the next. In our second season, I won the Best Actor Emmy. The series got the Emmy for Best Comedy Show.

At home, things couldn't have been more pleasant after my years of being away. All three kids were a delight to be with every night and on weekends, and for Rosie and me it was like a prolonged second-honeymoon period—especially considering that we never had a first honeymoon.

In the third year, Jean Hagen announced that she was leaving. She said she wanted to get back to more serious work in the theater and the cinema. We couldn't dissuade her, and she was gone. That's when network boss Robert Kintner's concern for her became apparent. He had said she was the mainstay of the show, and with Jean no longer in it, he seemed to lose interest.

But we didn't give up. And, in fact, we pulled together a pretty good premise for our fourth year—*without* Jean. The story line was that she had died and I was now a widower trying to rear the kids by myself. I was to date a lot of beautiful ladies (one of them turned out to be Marilyn Maxwell), who would try to convince the kids that each was the best candidate to become their stepmother.

CBS network boss William Paley, sitting third from left with star Arthur Godfrey (second from left) and aides, was not enthusiastic about* Make Room for Daddy. *"I guess he changed his mind, however," Danny concludes, "when. . . . we shot up to the Top Ten in the ratings and stayed there."

"I once did a scene with an un-housebroken bear who was neater than you"

Then one night, with nothing better to do, Rose Marie and I went to see a play, *Anniversary Waltz*, at a small theater on Wilshire Boulevard. We both were taken with the young woman who played the female lead. She was a perky little thing, and very, very lovely. What I liked about her performance in the play was how she stood up to her husband, fought him tooth and nail, and was realistically funny about it.

Her name was Marjorie Lord. I went to see her backstage and invited her to come down to our studio to discuss her playing one of my weekly dates in the series. The writers and Sheldon Leonard were quite intrigued when they met her. So they sat down and wrote a sequence in which Rusty had the measles and Marjorie was a nurse I had to hire to tend to the boy. She was so snap-crackling good in that episode that the writers dreamed up continuing sequences, in which *she* contracted the measles from Rusty and had to be quarantined in the house with Rusty and me. We reacted so naturally together that our close proximity led to a romance and—in the season's last episode—a proposal of marriage.

The entire stage relationship between me and Marjorie worked. Her cast name was Kathy. She was to be my wife in the series for the next seven years. We loved each other; no hanky panky, just close friends.

But first we had the problem of just getting into the *next* year.

The whole situation was typical of the crazy ways of television. With Jean Hagen gone from the show, it was fairly obvious that ABC's Robert Kintner was reluctant to continue with the series—even with the surprise

Retired from show business and giving most of his time to raising money for his St. Jude's charity before he died in 1990, Danny appears at a fund raiser for the hospital. With him are one of the daughters who had to make room for daddy, Marlo Thomas, and her husband, the star of another TV genre, Phil Donahue.

emergence of Marjorie Lord. Yet, with all this uncertainty, ABC invited me to be their master of ceremonies at their big bash in Washington, D.C., for the nation's top television and radio writers.

While I was preparing to extol the virtues of the shows on ABC's next-season schedule, Uncle Abe Lastfogel was doing some fancy footwork behind the scenes. If anything was needed to prove what a genius Uncle Abe was, this is it. He was a good friend of Tom McDermott of the Benton and Bowles advertising agency. In those days, unlike today, television network time was controlled by the advertising agencies. They bought a block of time, 8: 00 to 8: 30 on Saturday night, say, and they filled it with a show of their own choosing, wholly sponsored by the product of one of the companies they represented.

I didn't quite know what Uncle Abe was up to, but I had some idea. The night before I left for Washington, I couldn't sleep. I had a switch in my bedroom that flicked on the light on the St.Jude statue in the backyard. I put it on and went outside, pacing up and down in front of the statue. I didn't pray. I was just talking. A prayer would mean urgent need, which this wasn't. I had had four good years with my family, and I could always go back to the saloons to make money. I just kept saying as I paced in front of St. Jude, "This is a good family show. It deserves to be on the air." I said, "I know what you're thinking. It's *not* my pride." I'm glad it was two in the morning so no one could see this hook-nosed idiot babbling to a white marble statue.

I flew to Washington in the morning, and at about the same time, Uncle Abe flew to New York. It was a Friday.

I learned the details when Uncle Abe and Aunt Frances got there. Maxwell House was going to sponsor the show. We were going into General Foods' 9: 00 to 9: 30 spot on Monday night on CBS, one of the most prestigious times on the air. It had just been vacated by *I Love Lucy*, when Lucille Ball decided she wanted a rest after six years.

In the last show on ABC, I had proposed to Marjorie Lord's character, Kathy. In the first show on CBS, we were married, and Kathy's daughter, Linda (Angela Cartwright), had come to live with us, adding a third kid to my TV family.

The ways of television were strange indeed, and with our move we were given a new name: *The Danny Thomas Show*. This came by edict of the head honcho of CBS, William Paley. He didn't like the title *Make Room for Daddy*. In fact, Paley didn't like our show altogether. He was in Florida when Uncle Abe closed the deal with General Foods, and Paley tried to move the show out of the schedule. But sponsors were mightier than network presidents in those days, and with General Foods/Maxwell House Coffee literally owning that 9: 00 to 9: 30 P.M. Monday time slot on CBS, there was little Paley could do about it. I guess he changed his mind, however, when, with our very first CBS show in October 1957, we shot up to the Top Ten in the ratings and stayed there. ■

FITNESS

Once upon a time (1961) in a faraway place (Queens, N.Y.), there lived a fat housewife. She found a magic potion and called it Weight Watchers. Today she's . . .

The Queen of Weight Loss

By Larry Frascella

"Love me, I'm Dieting." That's what it says on the coffee cup Jean Nidetch is holding. The message is apt: Jean is reminiscing about the first three decades of Weight Watchers International, the world-famous weight-loss organization she founded in 1962.

"I don't know what losing weight is going to do for a person," she says with the sauciness of a seasoned pro, "but if it gives them the strength to ask for a raise, or ask someone to marry them, or to get on a plane, or go to the theater for the first time, then it's worth it."

Weight Watchers International is the most famous name in the field of weight loss. Over the decades, Nidetch's groundbreaking program has evolved into a successful amalgam of good nutrition, exercise routines and group encounters. Currently, the company lists more than one million members. It has 32,000 outposts in over 24 countries, and has spawned many imitators. Yet, even in the current, more competitive environment, Weight Watchers continues to be a vital, thriving business.

To Jean Nidetch, Weight Watchers has always been more than a business. For her, weight loss has always been a very personal affair. "I remember taking a shopping bag with me to dinner parties when I was very heavy," Jean confides. "After dinner, I'd be so uncomfortable, I couldn't breathe. So I'd take my girdle off in the bathroom and put it in the bag to carry it home. I said this to a group once, and many of the women said they'd had the same experience. But before com-

Larry Frascella writes on film, media and the popular culture. He is based in New York City.

The heavy-set Jean Nidetch of 30 years ago (opposite page) is now a svelte role-model (below) for today's weight watchers. Today's trends toward programs of dieting plus exercise, she says, "should continue far into the future."

ing to my meetings, they'd always thought they were the only ones in the world who'd done such a thing."

Seeing Jean today—trim, fresh and vibrant in an elegant green dress—it's hard to picture her as an overweight matron. But she clearly remembers the day back in 1961 when she began the transformation from anonymous Queens housewife to household word.

"I was no kid—I was 38 years old. I invited my six best friends over to my apartment because I'd just lost 20 pounds and I wanted to encourage them to join me. But I was also cheating on my diet—and I had to tell somebody. So we all started talking about our weight.

"At first, everyone was just sitting around making excuses, claiming their extra pounds were caused by 'glandular problems.' Then I asked the group, 'Do any of you every get up in the middle of the night and go to the refrigerator?' Everybody was quiet. I knew what they were thinking. 'Should I tell? Will they laugh?' But as soon as we got beyond all the lying, everyone started to open up."

The discussion proved to be so liberating that Jean and her friends began to meet every week. Her only request: Bring your own chair. Quickly, her guest list grew from 40 to 60 to 100. "That's when I learned to talk loud and fast," Jean jokes.

As her guests opened up and began to reveal their true feelings, Jean realized that many of the overweight people she was meeting felt ostracized by society. She tried to help them feel more confident with others and more comfortable with themselves. "In the early days," she remembers, "people would come to the meetings, but many wouldn't take their coats off. Then one day, I overheard a woman saying, 'Mabel, we can take our coats off here.' That was gratifying."

Jean encountered many misconceptions about the overweight in the early years, and one by one, she knocked those falsehoods down. "A lot of people feared that if they lost weight, they'd lose their sense of humor. I'm funnier now than I was when I was fat. The jolly fat man is a pose, a facade. A real-estate salesman once told me he always told jokes when he tried to sell a house. When he was fat, everybody thought he was very funny. Now he's thinner and they say he's an intellectual wit. Yet he tells the same jokes he told when he was a fat man—and now he sells more houses.

"Overweight people often felt they were stupid, too," Jean continues. "My God, we always knew the difference between a cupcake and a green pepper. You don't need a college degree to know that sweets are more fattening than carrot sticks."

At its worst, guilt and ignorance would force people to shut themselves in, so Jean sometimes visited people in their homes. "I knew a woman who wouldn't open her door because she hated the look on people's faces when they saw her. She must've weighed 400 pounds; at first we couldn't weigh her on a scale. What we did was encourage people like her to realize that no matter what we *called* a weight problem—an addiction, an illness, or a handicap—we could get it under control. We gave people a method they could use to lose weight and keep from gaining it back."

Through talking to people about their problems with food and weight, Jean realized something very important: While diets were a dime a dozen, overweight people had no place to turn for understanding and encouragement. She was determined to provide those missing ingredients. To infuse meetings with this all-important human element, Jean made talk the driving force behind her program. "The need to tell is really the basis of Weight Watchers. When you walk into a classroom, everyone's going to notice your weight loss, and they're all going to be so thrilled if you succeed—and so understanding if you don't. I think that's the key to the program's success."

The program worked. By 1962, Jean herself had lost a total of 72 pounds. She went, as she says in her book *The Story of Weight Watchers* (New American Library, 1979), "from a perfect size 44 to an imperfect size 12." Her self-awareness and

Living in Hollywood after her program made her famous, Jean became friends with movie and television stars like Glenn Ford. But she won't give away the names of stars who were Weight Watchers.

The Queen And Her Court

Good friends Dinah Shore (l.) and Charles Nelson Reilly and Jack E. Leonard (l. to r., opposite page) were recipients of Jean's advice on weight watching, including the nutritional values of what she and Reilly are displaying—pasta. To all those who need to lose pounds, Jean delivers the same message today that she pioneered some 30 years ago: "You are not alone."

good instincts led her to break with many standard approaches to weight loss. In the beginning, for example, she shied away from counting calories. As a former heavy eater, she knew it was to easy to cheat, "borrowing" calories from one day and adding them to the next. She also opposed the notion that dieting had to mean deprivation. The diet Jean originally used—which she adapted from the New York Board of Health — required its followers to eat a specified number of foods each day. "This was something new," Jean points out, "a diet that said 'Eat'." She also tried to teach people smarter ways of eating. "You must change your eating habits," she insisted. "When someone would complain that an apple was boring, I'd tell them to make it interesting—to bake it and put some cinnamon on it. This, as a matter of fact, is what started the first Weight Watchers recipe.

"I'd go to the butcher and pick up two pounds of fat. I'd put it in a gift box, gift wrap it and pass it around the classroom. It looked like a box of candy. And when someone would say they'd lost 'only two pounds,' I'd open the box and hold up this big, ugly piece of fat and say, 'That's what you lost. Now don't ever let me hear you say that's 'all' you lost."

Almost immediately, there were lines of people outside Jean's first official meeting place, a loft above a movie house in Queens. Within five years, Weight Watchers franchises had opened up throughout the country and around the world.

Jean's fame reached its peak during the 1970s, when she lived in Southern California. A hallway leading to the more private half of her apartment is filled with framed photographs of Jean with the rich and famous, including Joan Rivers, Jimmy Carter, Bob Hope, Pearl Bailey, Dom DeLuise and Jean's close friend, Charles Nelson Reilly. "When you live in Hollywood," she jokes, "you have to have what they call an 'ego wall.' This is mine." Always discreet, Jean won't say which stars are on the Weight Watchers program.

Jean's New York apartment is filled with memorabilia; one wall is covered with awards and citations. She also has a framed, original Weight Watchers pin, which she keeps as a treasured memento. "People need and should get recognition," Jean says by way of explanation. "So I came up with the idea of this pin, which is the size of a quarter. When anybody lost ten pounds I'd give them a gold disc with a ten in the center. For every ten more pounds they lost, they got a new diamond chip for the pin. Even though they were very small chips, I was going rapidly into debt." To prove it, Jean keeps a framed 1961 bank state-

ment that shows $1.56 in her account.

Today, Jean continues to communicate with Weight Watchers members all over the world. She gets letters like this one from Kentucky, which begins, "You don't know me but I sure feel like I know you." She occasionally gets phone calls from members who simply must tell her that today is the day they reached their goal weight. "The need to talk," Jean is happy to say, "is still important." She has a photo of a Connecticut nun who lost 150 pounds.

These days, Jean forgoes daily involvement with the Weight Watchers organization (which she has sold to the H.J. Heinz Company). But as Jean ponders the future of weight loss, she foresees a growing emphasis on health over vanity (although she insists that vanity remains motivation number one). "When people lost weight in the early days, the surprise was—and it was always a shocker—that their blood pressure became normal, or they could sleep better. Today, the picture has changed. We all know that good health comes with proper nutrition."

Along with health issues, Jean cites the rising importance of exercise — something that wasn't always a significant part of the Weight Watchers program. "Back in the sixties, people believed that if you exercised, you stimulated your appetite. Of course that was a cop-out. But in the beginning, even I felt that if I told someone they had to exercise, I would lose them. So we concerned ourselves with eating habits. Now we know better. Today the program incorporates exercise as a way of actually *curbing* the appetite—and that's a trend that should continue far into the future."

As Weight Watchers nears its 30th anniversary, Jean obviously remains passionate about her cause. She's looking forward to a series of celebrations that she hopes will climax in a ticker-tape parade—a festivity that clearly befits her status as the permanent queen of weight reduction. Finally, when asked to cite her greatest source of satisfaction, Jean grows philosophical.

"Before Weight Watchers, lots of people felt like they were the only ones with a weight problem, that everyone else had it under control. So if I did anything in my life, I brought the world together. I said to people in Italy, England, Australia, Canada and many other countries. 'You're not alone. We've got the same problems in Brooklyn and Queens.' And, believe me," she laughs, "I should know." ■

SPORTS

WHEN DRUGS GOT TO THE BIG LEAGUES

They struck out even the stars. One of them tells how

By Maury Wills and Mike Celiciz

A record-setting base stealer for the Los Angeles Dodgers, Maury Wills retired in the early 1970s to become a TV sportscaster. Late in the 1980 season he was hired to manage the Seattle Mariners. He had fallen in love with a woman named Judy. His passion for Judy became an addiction. That addiction led him to another addiction— one that cost him his job and almost his life.

Judy was going to come up to Seattle at the end of the 1980 season and drive back with me to Los Angeles. She said she couldn't get away, though, and I drove down by myself, 1,500 miles, wide open all the way. I just wanted to get to Los Angeles to see her.

She wasn't there.

I went down to a restaurant and was just standing by the door when I saw this girl come in. That was the last thing I thought I would do, look at another girl. But I had never felt more desolate in my life. I stayed by the door and after a while she went back out.

I ran out of the door and stopped in the parking lot about 20 feet away.

"Excuse me, ma'am."

The parking lot was dark. She stopped and turned around and looked as if she'd been startled.

"I don't mean no harm," I said. I didn't come any closer, but kept talking. "Are you a baseball fan?" I asked her.

"A little," she said cautiously.

Just then the band inside took a break and the drummer, who had seen me inside, ran out into the parking lot to see me. I told him I was talking to this lady to see if she would have a drink with me.

"Doesn't she know who you are?" the drummer asked. "No," I said. "Why don't you tell her?"

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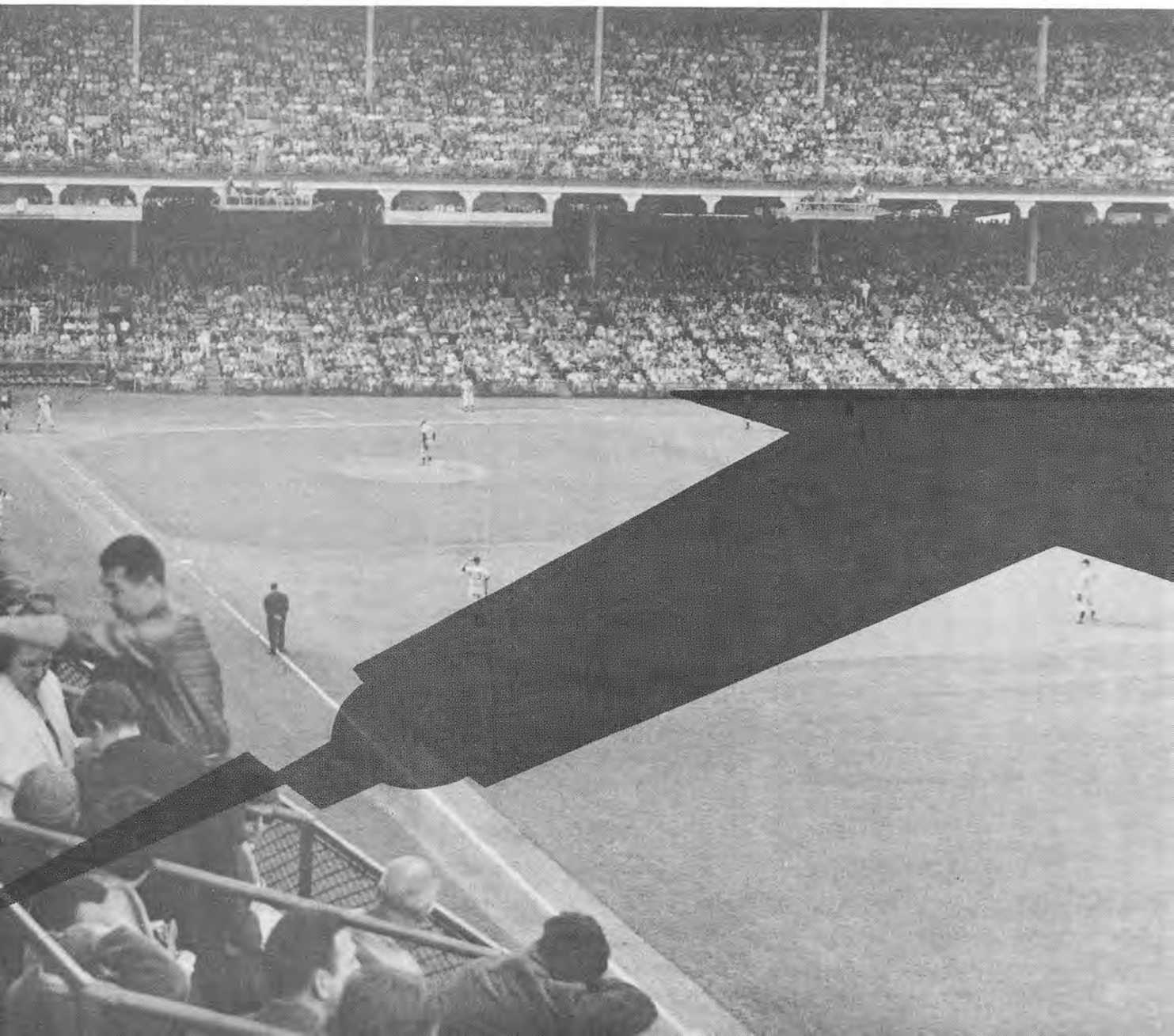
So he did and she decided she wouldn't mind having a drink with me. Before you knew it, she was sitting on my lap. Next thing you know she liked me well enough to go up to my house with me. She was really a nice girl, young and beautiful. She found me interesting and liked me. I was feeling better. My original reason for stopping her was to see whether I could have sex with her, but that reason went out the window because this time, somebody liked me. We were talking and having a good time for a while when she pulled a little bit of cocaine out of her purse. She said you whiffed this stuff up your nose and it would make you feel good.

This was my first contact with cocaine. I hadn't even heard much about cocaine. Now that I look back, though, I realize some of my players might have been using it. At that time it was really in to be using it. As the manager, I used to sit in the front of the plane. That way the players were behind me where I couldn't see them. That let them relax from the pressures of the game. I swear, it was amazing how the same players went to that

As the shadow of drugs spread across the big leagues in the 1980s, record-setting base stealer Maury Wills (right) became an addict. "I was," he says, "a lost soul."



"I'd go through $3,000-$4,000 in maybe eight days"

restroom in the front of the plane so many times during a flight. As I learned more about cocaine and became involved in it, I found myself in situations where I was going to the bathroom with great regularity, too. My players were doing the same thing.

When she pulled the stuff out, though, I wasn't up on all that. She had it in a little cellophane package. She laid it on a mirror and chopped it up into lines. She got a straw and cut it down to less than half its full length, beveling one end. I couldn't tell her I'd never done it before, so I let her do a couple lines to see how she did it before I did a line.

The first whiff didn't do much to me. I was just going along to stay in concert with her. I was being cool. "Yeah, that's all right," I said to her.

She didn't have very much stuff, but it was enough. I didn't get any great high from it, but it gave me a feeling of false self-esteem.

Just then, she said she had to go. I didn't want her to. I asked if she'd come back for lunch the next day. She said she would and she did. Finally, I had found someone I could depend on.

I took her to a nice restaurant on the pier. We came back to the house and had sex. She asked me if I wanted some more of that stuff she had the night before. "Yeah," I said, being cool, "did you bring some?"

"No," she said, "but I know where we can get some if we had some money."

I had a ton of money. "Let's go," I said.

We jumped in the car and went over to a house where she knew the people had cocaine to sell. We were going to get some and go back to my place. While we were there, some people were in the bathroom freebasing. I didn't know what that was, but when they invited me in, I joined them.

I got one whiff of that freebase and WOW! My lights went out. Oh, what a rush! I had found a friend.

I stayed in that house for a week. The girl was there with me but I forgot about her. I spent $2,000 keeping everybody happy with cocaine before I left.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" they kept asking. "Can you afford this?"

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MONEY!" I roared. "Just fix some more of that stuff!"

A couple lived in the house. They knew who I was. They showed me how to cook the powdered cocaine with baking soda into a rock and how to smoke it.

When I finally left the house, I went straight to somebody else's house where I could buy some and bought an ounce. It was the damnedest thing I ever had in my life. And it was just what the doctor ordered. It made me feel that everything was all right.

But the girl who had introduced me to cocaine was gone. My attention turned back to Judy again. Where was she? She was still stronger than the power of the cocaine. I just had to find her.

I looked all over for her. I finally tracked her down and talked to her on the phone. She wouldn't see me. "You're acting crazy," she told me. "I don't know if I want to come back."

She saw me when she wanted to, which was very seldom. But she never stayed away long enough to give me enough time to start to get over her. I don't know how long that would have been.

The cocaine I used that winter cemented some of my anger and hostility. That stuff will take you anywhere you're going. If you're happy, it will

take you into a happy mode. If you're depressed, it will make you more so. And now the anger was locked in. The resentment was locked in. The things I was going through were making me bitter and more bitter. My self-esteem was going down the toilet.

I wasn't addicted, but I had an addict's brain. I was drinking, but not more than anybody else so it didn't seem as if I was an alcoholic. It wasn't the amount I was consuming. I was at the point where any amount threw me. My mind was changing. I was crying myself to sleep at night.

I had always wanted two things—to have a real relationship with a woman and to manage in the big leagues. These were my adulthood dreams. The two things that were going to make me a complete person and fulfill my life turned out to be my demise.

I was a major league manager. Why couldn't I welcome the fact that Judy was gone? That would have been addition by subtraction. But it was as if I couldn't survive without her.

I lost my patience with my team. I had thought I could do things with

As a rookie (above) with the Dodgers, and so fast he sometimes scored (left) from second base on infield outs, Wills became baseball's most feared base stealer. In 1980 (below) he is welcomed back to the big leagues as Seattle Mariners' manager by California Angels' skipper Jim Fregosi.

them, but it wasn't my kind of team. We had no speed. We were weak on fundamentals. It was a lousy team. It was the Mariners.

I was talking to them as if they were a bunch of bums who couldn't play ball. A manager just can't do that. I knew I had a young expansion team. A lot of the guys weren't major league caliber. But I wasn't thinking clearly enough to treat them accordingly. I was just hard on them.

I was just waiting to be fired.

Late on the morning after my 24th game of the season, Danny [general manager Dan O'Brien] called me at my new apartment. "I'd like you to stop in the office, Maury," he said.

It was obvious what was coming next.

"You're going to make a change, huh?" I said.

"Yeah."

"I don't have to come down," I said. "It's all right."

I didn't feel I lost the job because I was incompetent. I didn't feel it was the real Maury Wills out there doing the job the way I know how. It was mainly the distraction of a broken romance, nothing to look forward to, no place to go. I had no reason to go to bed at night and no reason to get up.

I was defeated. It wasn't just a loss. It was a devastating defeat.

I remembered the coke as a thing that could help me feel better. Since first using it the previous winter, I hadn't used cocaine. Now I went looking for some.

Some people might be weekend users of drugs, not abusers. They say drug abuse is bad, but use is all right. But drug use is setting yourself up so that if you have a devastating experience and become depressed, you're going to reach back for the drug, and use will become abuse. That's how it started for me.

I had to hunt around for the coke. I remembered one place I had gone with the girl who introduced me to it. I found those people and they got me a whole ounce. The next night I was back at their house to get another half ounce. They were giving me dirt — stuff that was all mixed and cut with other things—but I didn't know the difference. When they cut it, they use all kinds of adulterants, and that stuff makes you even more goony. It can kill you.

I kept four ounces at all times as my personal stash. I always kept $70,000 cash in my safe. When my supply of the drug got low, I'd just give somebody money and sent out for more.

I haven't told anyone this: In three and a half years, I spent more than $1,000,000 of my own money on cocaine. That's about $1,000 a day. I put most of that through my own system and I'm still alive. I must have a mission in life.

The money came from all over. There were accounts I didn't even realize I had—$20,000 here, $40,000 there, $15,000 somewhere else. I had $30,000 cold cash in a vault in Las Vegas. The Mariners continued to pay me my $80,000 salary the first year. Then I started mortgaging the house. I had bought the house for $120,000 eight years earlier. By then, I owed only $30,000 on it, but it was worth $650,000. I smoked that. The Hickok Belt I won in 1962 was 2.5 pounds of solid gold studded with rubies, diamonds and sapphires. I gave that to my friend to display on the wall of his Las Vegas hotel and somebody stole it. My friend had insured the belt for $50,000, and when it was stolen I got that money and went through it in no time. It didn't seem as if having the belt stolen was a loss. It was a great gain.

My final binge lasted five or six months. I don't know for sure. It seems that time goes so fast when you're using drugs, because you have no concept of what day it is, what time of day it is, how much money you have, where the next dollar is coming from. It doesn't matter. It's all just one big piece of time. When you come out of it, three, four, five months have gone by.

I was living in a brand-new two-bedroom apartment in Laguna Beach. I had started 1988 in Alcoholics Anonymous. I was going to the meetings, but I wasn't working the steps of the program. In the spring, I left the program to do, as we say, some more research on my disease.

Opposite page: Wills, at the peak of his career with the Dodgers in 1965, poses in front of a stack of "stolen" bags. He stole 102 bases in 1962 to break Ty Cobb's record. Above: Now a recovered addict and a batting instructor with the Dodgers, Wills gives pointers on bunting.

"I had never wanted to think that for the rest of my life I wouldn't be able to get high again"

I was a lost soul. I'd sleep on the couch three or four days at a time. Then I'd wake up and lie there for three of four more days. I got hooked on MTV. I'd lie there and watch it around the clock. My life revolved around the first of the month when my pension check came in.

I'd get the check and I'd go through $3,000-$4,000 in maybe eight days. It always seemed to be eight or nine days. I could never stretch that out to two weeks. When I was out of stuff and money I'd fall asleep. I'd sleep for three or four days. Then I'd lie there and watch MTV until the 15th of the month. That's when I could get fronted. Getting fronted is the word in the drug scene for credit. That would take me through the next two weeks.

Around the first of September, 1988, I did a card show in San Francisco. About the same time I got paid for that, I got my pension check. I had some money in my pocket, and damn, it felt good.

I was feeling good, looking good. Before I knew it, the first of October came around and I still had money. Plus I had a job working for a cellular phone company and had made some money. I felt rich again.

The first of the month was a big psychological hurdle for me. Even during those periods when I had been clean, the first of the month was scary. That's when all my friends feared for me because they knew I had a sizeable amount of money. And when I had money in my pocket, I had to celebrate. I had celebrated by getting high.

But now I had had money in my pocket all month long. When the first came, getting more money wasn't a big deal. I had gotten over the first-of-the-month hang-up. It used to be that if I had $20 in my pocket in the middle of the month, it was a big thing. I could eat. Now I had $100 in my pocket all month.

I had never wanted to think that for the rest of my life I wouldn't be able to get high again. What a dreadful thought. But as I got serious about AA, I had to learn to think only about now. Just today.

It's easy to quit. What's devastating to an alcoholic or an addict is the thought that for the rest of his life he can't take one drink; he can't take any drugs. But if you think of it as just today, that's easy. You can handle today. Then tomorrow becomes today. The next day becomes today. Before you know it, you have a whole bunch of todays. It's so easy living in the now.

After a while, I didn't even think about it.

I've been talking about the drug, but I stopped thinking about the high of it all. That's the real danger—thinking about the feeling, the mood that it gives you. I stopped using drugs and alcohol. But I learned I would never get well. I'd just keep getting better. And better is good enough. ■

WOMEN'S LIB

ELVIS

How an Idol's Wife Found Liberation

By Priscilla Presley
with Sandra Harmon

After a dip in Elvis Presley's popularity in the 1960s, a triumphant appearance at a Las Vegas nightclub in 1971 reignited the singer's career. As he toured the nation, he insisted that his wife Priscilla stay at home with their baby Lisa. Knowing that female fans threw themselves at Elvis, she feared losing him. During their rare times together, she wore skimpy flashy clothes and layers of makeup. But like other women of the '70s and '80s, she began to wonder if she could ever find a life of her own . . .

The King of Rock and Roll was back on top. The strain of sustaining such a hype was just beginning and, for the moment, I could believe that everything would still be all right. Elvis began crossing the country, making one-night stands, flying by day, trying to catch some sleep to maintain the high energy level demanded by his performances. From 1971 on, he toured more than any other artist—three weeks at a time with no days off and two shows on Saturdays and Sundays.

I missed him. We talked constantly

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of being together more, but he knew that if he let me join him, he couldn't refuse the requests from regulars whose marriages were also feeling the strain of long separations.

It was the day Elvis suggested I come to Vegas less often that I became really upset and suspicious. He'd decided that we wives would attend opening and closing nights only.

I knew then I'd have to fight for our relationship or accept the fact that we were now gradually going to grow apart as so many couples in show business do. As a couple, we'd never sat down to plan out a future. Elvis, individually, was stretching as an artist, but as man and wife we needed a common reality.

The chances of our marriage surviving were slim indeed as long as he continued to live apart from Lisa and me, and in bachelor quarters at that. It came down to how much longer I could stand the separation. Elvis wanted to have his cake and eat it too. And now, as the tours and long engagements took him even further from his family, I realized that we might never reach my dreams of togetherness. I had trouble believing that Elvis was always faithful, and the more he kept us apart, the more my suspicions grew.

Now when we went to Vegas, I felt more comfortable at the openings. He was always preoccupied with the show and I felt he needed me then. On closing nights I always felt uneasy. Too many days had gone by, enough time for suspicions to poison my

Meeting the King of Rock and Roll in Germany, where she was the daughter of an army officer, Priscilla married Elvis in 1967 at a ceremony in a Las Vegas hotel (below). Today (above) she does sales work for her own fragrance and has appeared in starring roles on TV (Dallas) and in movies.

thoughts. The Vegas maître d's invariably planted a bevy of beauties in the front rows for the entertainer to play to. Curious, I would scan their faces while watching Elvis closely to see if he seemed to direct his songs to any girl in particular. Suspicious of everyone, my heart ached—but we were never able to talk about it. It was to be accepted as part of the job.

The jokes I played on him were also efforts to get his attention. One night, after he'd left early for a show, I put on a black dress with a black hood and an exceptionally low-cut back. When it came time for Elvis to give away kisses to the girls in the audience—a regular part of his show—I went up to the stage. Instead of kissing me, he kept on singing his song, leaving me to stand there. With my hair hiding the dress strap around my neck, I appeared from the back to be nude from the waist up. I could hear the "oooh"s and "ahhhh"s of the audience. They were under the impression that a topless girl had cornered Elvis and that he couldn't figure out what to do.

I kept whispering to him, "Kiss me, kiss me, so I can sit down," but he decided to turn the joke on me, and made me wait in the spotlight for the duration of the song. Planting a big kiss on my lips, he surprisingly introduced me to the audience. I felt a bit embarrassed and made my way back to my seat.

My view of life had been fashioned by Elvis. I had entered his world as a young girl and he had provided absolute security. He distrusted any outside influences, which he saw as a threat to the relationship, fearing they would destroy his creation, his ideal. He could never have foreseen what was happening as the consequence of his prolonged absences from home. A major period in my growth was beginning. I still feared our separations but felt that our love had no boundaries, that I was his and if he wanted me to change, I would. For years nothing had existed in my world but him, and now that he was gone for long stretches of time, the inevitable happened. I was creating a life of my own, starting to achieve a sense of security in myself, and discovering there was a whole world outside our marriage.

At this time another fulfilling and liberating force entered my life—karate. It had been Elvis's love and hobby for years, and when I first took it up, it was just another of my efforts to get his attention and approval, as in the past when I'd enrolled in French classes because he liked the language, took flamenco dancing because he was an aficionado, and ballet because he adored dancers' bodies.

He had long admired kung fu expert Ed Parker, whom he'd met years ago. I began taking private lessons under Ed's guidance three times a week. I soon learned there was much more to this art than violence. It was a philosophy. I became even more involved when Elvis cheered my progress.

On our return to Memphis, he slept throughout the day and I enrolled in

The birth of Lisa Marie in 1968 came before Elvis' dependence on drugs—a time that Priscilla describes as their happiest. But by 1971, she says, "the chances of our marriage surviving were slim indeed as long as he continued to live apart from Lisa and me . . ."

Divorce came in 1973, Priscilla and Elvis shown here as they left the court room after the divorce was granted. Elvis' attraction to beautiful women —below, he is riding with Ann-Margret in a scene from a 1963 movie—made Priscilla "suspicious of everyone, my heart ached—but we were never able to talk about it. It was to be accepted as part of the job."

another oriental discipline, the Korean art of Tae Kwan Do. I became as obsessive as Elvis in dedicating myself to this art. A mandatory requirement was memorizing forms, katas, and stances in the Korean language as well as learning the history of Tae Kwan Do.

The training was incredibly exacting. Over and over we'd execute the same movement until perfected. Perspiration poured into my eyes and yet, if I wiped it away, it would mean one hundred pushups under the watchful eyes of the entire classroom, a humiliation I did not desire and managed to avoid.

Now I could understand Elvis's enslavement to karate. It was an accomplishment, an achievement of confidence and physical mastery of self. In 1972, while Elvis was performing in Vegas, I met one of the top karate experts in the United States at the time, Mike Stone. On this particular evening he was acting bodyguard to a prominent record producer. After the show they came to visit Elvis backstage. Everyone was more impressed with Stone than with the boisterous tycoon he was protecting. Elvis was complimentary and he had numerous questions. Several years earlier we had watched Stone at a tournament in Hawaii and we'd admired his fighting technique.

Later that evening, up in the Imperial Suite, Elvis encouraged me to train with Mike. "He has that killer quality. Nothing on two legs can beat him. I've been impressed with him since the first time I saw him fight. He's a real badass—I like the cat's style"

"I was . . . discovering there was a whole world outside our marriage"

Back in Los Angeles I made arrangements with Mike to drive out to his studio later in the week and sit in on one of his classes. It was a long forty-five-minute drive.

Elvis was right. Mike exuded confidence and style, as well as a good deal of personal charm and wit. A deep friendship would develop. Because of the distance, I decided to continue my training with a friend of his, Chuck Norris, who had a studio closer to my home. Mike would sometimes come to Chuck's studio as a guest trainer.

I was emerging from Elvis's closed world, becoming aware of how sheltered my existence had been. Mike and Chuck introduced me to popular Japanese martial-arts films such as the Blind Swordsman series, and with Mike I attended karate tournaments locally and in neighboring counties, taking home movies and still photos of top karate fighters. I wanted to capture their individual styles so I could share them with Elvis, hoping this was something we could enjoy in common. In the end, though, I made a whole new circle of friends with whom I felt accepted for myself. The martial arts gave me such confidence and assurance that I began to experience my feelings and express my emotions as never before. Accustomed to suppressing my anger, I could honestly vent it now without the fear of accusations or explosions. I stopped apologizing for my opinions and laughing at jokes I didn't find amusing. A transformation had begun in which fear and indifference had no place. Along with this new confidence, off came my false eyelashes

and heavy makeup, the jewels and flashy clothes. All devices that I'd depended upon for security I now shed.

I was seeing myself for the first time, and it was going to take a while for me to get used to the image. I had a chance to observe marriages outside our immediate circle, where the woman had just as much say as a man in everyday decisions and long-term goals. I was confronted with the harsh realization that living the way I had for so long was very unnatural and detrimental to my well-being. My relationship with Mike had now developed into an affair.

I still loved Elvis greatly, but over the next few months I knew I would have to make a crucial decision regarding my destiny. I knew that I must take control of my life. I could not give up these new insights. There was a whole world out there and I had to find my own place in it.

I wished that there was some way for me to share my experience and growth with Elvis. From my adolescence, he had fashioned me into the instrument of his will. I lovingly yielded to his influence, trying to satisfy his every desire. And now he wasn't here.

Bored and restless, he increased his dependence on chemicals. He thought speed helped him escape from destructive thinking, when in reality it gave him false confidence and unnatural aggressiveness. He started losing perspective on himself and others. To me he became increasingly unreachable.

Accustomed to living in dark rooms, hardly seeing the sun, depending on chemical aids for sleep and wakefulness, surrounded by bodyguards who distanced us from reality, I yearned for the more ordinary pleasures. I began to appreciate the simple things that I would have liked to share with Elvis and hadn't: walks in the park, a candlelight dinner for two, laughter.

Elvis must have perceived my new restlessness. A couple of months later in Las Vegas [some friends] and I were having dinner in the Italian restaurant at the Hilton between Elvis's shows. The maître d' came to the table with a message that Elvis wanted to see me upstairs in the suite. I remember thinking how unusual this was. Elvis rarely went to the suite between shows.

***The look-alike features of father and daughter are evident in this 1986 photo of Lisa and her mother. Lisa denied 1980s' tabloid stories of rifts between herself and Priscilla. The producer of a TV series on Elvis, Priscilla recently won critical applause in the film,* The Naked Gun 2½.**

I went upstairs, filled with curiosity, and when I arrived in the suite I found Elvis lying in bed, obviously waiting for me. He grabbed me and forcefully made love to me. It was uncomfortable and unlike any other time he'd ever made love to me before, and he explained, "This is how a real man makes love to his woman." This was not the gentle, understanding man that I grew to love. He was under the influence, and with my personal growth and new realities he had become a stranger to me.

I wept in silence as Elvis got up to dress for the show. In order for our marriage to survive, Elvis would have had to take down all the artificial barriers restricting our life as a couple. There was too much room for doubt, too many unanswered questions for the mind to play upon. It was difficult for him to come to terms with his role as father and husband. And since nei-

ther of us had the ability to sit down and squarely face the issues jeopardizing the family, there seemed to be no hope.

What really hurt was that he was not sensitive to me as a woman and his attempt at a reconciliation had come too late; I had taken possession of my life.

That night I didn't close my eyes at all, grieving over what I had to tell him. This was my one great love. Looking down at him I thought of all the times I'd traced my fingers over his lips, his nose, brushed my fingers through his hair, always while he slept. And now, I waited for him to wake up, waiting for the right moment, if there ever could be one. At this point in our marriage we were so seldom together that I was having difficulty envisaging his reaction to my news; it had seemed so much easier to play it out in my imagination.

It was shortly after 2 P.M. I had already gotten up and started packing my things when Elvis awoke fairly alert and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I have to go back."

"So soon? It's early. You usually don't go back this early."

"I know," I agreed. "But I have to get back. I have things to do." I hesitated. "But first I have to tell you something." I stopped packing and looked at him. "This is probably the most difficult thing I'm ever going to have to say." I took a long pause, hardly able to get the words out. "I'm leaving."

Elvis sat up and asked. "What do you mean, leaving?"

Never in the entire time of our marriage had I ever suggested walking out on him.

"I mean our marriage."

"Are you out of your mind? You have everything any woman could want," he said, his voice filled with anguish. "I don't believe what I'm hearing. You mean I've been so blind that I didn't know what's going on? I've been so wrapped up I didn't see this coming."

"We're living separate lives."

Finally he asked, "Have I lost you to another man?"

"It's not that you've lost me to another man, you've lost me to a life of my own. I'm finding myself for the first time."

"You've lost me to a life of my own. I'm finding myself . . ."

He looked up and stared at me in silence as I stood packing and snapped my suitcase shut. I tried to walk to the door but couldn't stop myself from running back into his arms. We hugged, tears streaming down our faces. "I have to go," I said. "If I stay now I'll never leave." I broke away, grabbed my suitcase, and headed for the door.

"Cilla," Elvis called. I stopped dead in my tracks. "Maybe another time, another place," he said slowly.

"Maybe so," I replied, looking back. "This just isn't the time."

And I walked out the door. ■

Elvis still sings in the memories of millions. But Priscilla walked away from both him and her memories and entered a successful world of her own. Now the chief operating officer of Elvis Presley Enterprises, she has boosted its value, she recently said, from $500,000 to $50 million.

WAR

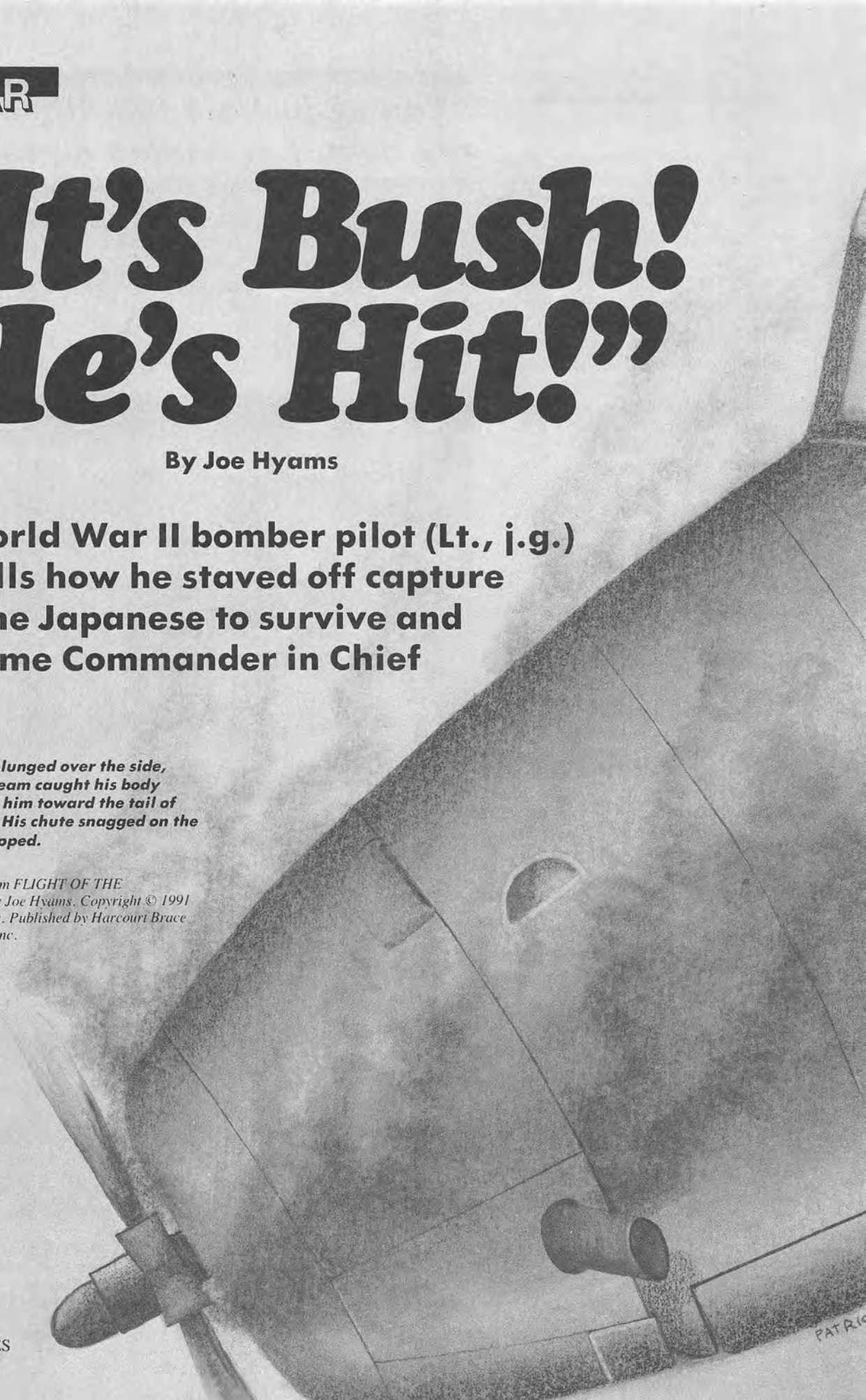
"It's Bush! He's Hit!"

By Joe Hyams

A World War II bomber pilot (Lt., j.g.) recalls how he staved off capture by the Japanese to survive and become Commander in Chief

When he plunged over the side, the slipstream caught his body and threw him toward the tail of the plane. His chute snagged on the tail and ripped.

Excerpted from FLIGHT OF THE AVENGER by Joe Hyams. Copyright © 1991 by Joe Hyams. Published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.



Barbar
P.D. MILBOURN ©

Enlisting at 18, George Bush was the U.S. Navy's youngest pilot as he went overseas to the Pacific, joining a squadron of Avenger bombers on the aircraft carrier San Jacinto. On September 1, 1944, he and his squadron got ready to attack the Japanese-held island of Chichi Jima

Tall as he was, George Bush was dwarfed by his aircraft. The TBF Avenger of World War II was the largest single-engine carrier-based plane in the world. The standard joke among the pilots was that weighing eight tons loaded, it could fall faster than it could fly. The forty-foot-long Avenger towered almost eighteen feet over the carrier's deck. It had a fifty-four-foot wingspan (reduced to nineteen when the wings were folded). Like all navy planes, it was painted dark blue on top fading to white on the bottom of the fuselage and wings. A large 2 was stenciled aft of the wings of Bush's plane, and 2X was painted on the rudder. Just under the cockpit, his gunner, twenty-year-old Leo "Lee" Nadeau, in contravention of navy practice, had long ago painted *Barbara*, the name of Bush's fiancée. No one in the squadron knew that Lee had gotten married five days before the ship left the States, but he had painted *Ginny*, his wife's name, under his turret.

Bush wore a yellow Mae West (inflatable vest) over his lightweight flight suit. On his chest the gold navy wings had faded from a worn leather namepatch. In a shoulder holster under the jacket he carried a short-barreled .38 Smith & Wesson revolver, standard issue for the navy.

The earflaps of his sweat-stained cotton helmet smacked in the wind. He put his feet fully into the footholds inset in the plane's armored fuselage and gripped the recessed handgrips tightly as he pulled himself up into the cockpit, using the bar that halved the open canopy. Frank Paoletti, his plane captain, who was standing on the wing, helped him into his shoulder harness, which was hooked to the chute strap. The seat pack contained a parachute, some survival gear, and a cushion on top. Bush settled uncomfortably on the pack, wriggling as he tried to maneuver the small cans of water in the seat pack so they would not dig into him.

As radio operator Lee Nadeau was checking out the rotation of his .50 caliber machine gun, John "Del" Delaney, the radioman, closed the fuselage hatch. Del, a cheerful, blue-eyed Irishman from Rhode Island and the old man of the crew—he was twenty-three—also manned the aft-facing .30 caliber machine gun, or "stinger," just forward of the rudder at the belly of the fuselage.

On the bridge Lt. Comdr. A. B. Cahn, the flight director, shouted through the loud hailer, "Start engines!" As the engines started, they sputtered, coughed, backfired, belched flame from the exhaust stacks, and then settled into a deep, throaty roar. Bush got a thumbs-up sign from the brown-shirted plane captain on the flight deck. Two purple-shirted chock-men pulled the chocks out from under the wheels. Following hand signals, he taxied forward as fire fighters in red got out of the way through a cacophony of engines, loudspeakers, and prop wash. The plane rocked as he tested his brakes. He was passed by hand signals from one red-shirted taximan to another, spreading his wings out on a signal as he went.

The order "Launch aircraft!" came from Cahn on the bridge. Melvin was the first to be catapulted from the carrier. Then it was Bush's turn. The catapult officer gave him a signal to rev up. He stayed at full throttle until the ship's deck tilted upward and the catapult officer crossed his arms over his chest—the ready signal. Released, the catapult pulled the huge plane down the flight deck, accelerating it from 0 to 150 knots (172 mph) in 120 feet, slamming Bush and his crew back into their seats as they were hurled with a thrust of eight G's into the void beyond the flight deck.

The deck disappeared in a flash of light, replaced by the blue waves of the ocean. Bush breathed a sigh of relief as he felt the plane airborne; although he had made more than one

Lt. (j.g.) George Bush checks his instruments before taking off on a combat mission in 1944.

hundred carrier takeoffs, he was never sure whether the gargantuan plane would gain altitude or just plop down into the water under the carrier's bow.

The four Avengers were soon flying in diamond formation at around 150 knots with the Hellcats flying in a thatch weave pattern, crisscrossing overhead to provide protection. Within half an hour they were at their assigned altitude of nine thousand feet, and Bush could make out the jagged peaks of Chichi Jima off in the distance.

Melvin peeled off and in a steadily accelerating glide headed straight for the radio tower perched on the slope of Mount Yoake. Tracers rising from the ground like Roman candles probed the squadron leader's aircraft as he released his bombs. Seconds later Bush saw the buildings surrounding the tower explode in orange flame.

Suddenly Bush saw and felt the pounding jolt of black shellbursts from Japanese anticraft guns, the heaviest flak he could recall. Realizing that the Japanese gunners had him in a crossfire, he tried to maneuver his plane to make himself a difficult target. He rolled the huge Avenger nearly over, pulling the plane's nose onto the target from an inverted position. As the plane dove, his weight was no longer on his back and seat but forward against the seat harness, his feet pressed on the rudder pedals. As the earth raced toward him, he fought to keep the plane on target while holding the dive. The sudden drop in alti-

tude hurt his ears, and he shouted to relieve the pressure. He glanced at his altimeter: the thin, black needle was dropping swiftly. He kicked the plane onto target and looked down into the stream of tracer bullets streaking over the cockpit. Had the Japanese gunner down there on the island moved his barrel a fraction of an inch, the Avenger would have been hit.

On target, Bush pressed the electrical switch that opened his bomb bay doors. As he hit the button on the bomb release, an explosion just off his wing rocked the aircraft. But it was too late to make a correction. He continued the dive and pulled up only two or three hundred feet above the water.

Bush made a sharp turn to the left and poured on the power. It was time to head home. But Bush's heart was heavy. Because of the mass of flak, he knew that he had missed the transmitter. From what he had seen, none of the other Avengers had scored direct hits, either.

At the debriefing session after the flight, Bush learned that VT-51 was going to have to strike Chichi Jima again the next day.

He fought to keep the plane on target while holding the dive. The sudden drop hurt his ears

At sunrise, on September 2, 1944 George Bush was in the *San Jac*'s ready room being briefed for that day's air strike on Chichi Jima. Bush and three other pilots from VT-51, with air support from accompanying Hellcats, were to try again for the transmitter in conjunction with an attack on Futami Harbor by fifteen other torpedo planes from their sister ship, the heavy carrier *Enterprise*.

When the briefing was over, Lt. (j.g.) William Gardner "Ted" White, the squadron ordnance officer, approached Bush. A handsome six-footer with black hair and brown eyes, White was six years older than Bush and a graduate of Yale, where he had been head of the Political Union and a member of Skull and Bones. White's father had been a Yale classmate of George's father, but he and George had met for the first time on board the *San Jac*. White, who was not a pilot, wanted to check out the Avenger's weapons systems, which he was responsible for maintaining. For weeks he had been asking Bush to take him on a mission in place of his regular gunner, Lee Nadeau.

"What are you hitting today, George?" White asked.

"The radio station on Chichi Jima."

"We're moving out later today, and this may be the last time I can go with you," White said. "How about it?"

"It could be a rough trip," Bush warned.

White persisted. Bush thought for a moment and acquiesced. Naval intelligence reported that Chichi Jima's airstrip had been knocked out on the previous day's mission. Since fighter opposition was not anticipated, Bush believed he would not need an experienced rear-seat gunner and could afford to take along a rookie. "It's okay with me, if Commander Melvin approves," Bush said finally.

Melvin agreed. Nadeau briefed White in the procedures used for abandoning the aircraft.

White was strapped into the turret behind Bush. Bush checked out the Avenger and taxied into position on the flight deck while Del tested the radio gear. At 0715 four Avengers from the *San Jac* with four Hellcat fighter planes for protection took and joined a dozen Hellcat fighters off the *Enterprise*.

It was a hazy morning with light fog. Visibility was poor, and Bush knew it would be a particularly bad day to be shot down, since anyone on the surface of the ocean would be difficult to spot.

By 0815 the formation was over the island, flying in a diamond formation with Milt Moore as "Tail-End Charlie." Don Melvin led the first pair of bombers in through a barrage of intense antiaircraft fire from the Japanese shore batteries. Melvin and Doug West, his wing man, dropped all eight of their bombs on the radio station and

Bobbing in the life raft that saved his life, Bush is welcomed by his rescuers on the submarine* Finback. *He flew other missions during the battle for the Philippines before returning home in time for Christmas of 1944.

the buildings nearby. By this time the Japanese had the attacking Avengers in range and in their sights. Bush was piloting the third plane over the target, with Moore flying on his wing. He nosed over into a thirty-degree glide, heading straight for the radio tower. Determined to finally destroy the tower, he used no evasive tactics and held the plane directly on target. His vision ahead was occasionally canceled by bursts of black smoke from the Japanese antiaircraft guns. The plane was descending through thickening clouds of flak pierced by the flaming arc of tracers.

There was a sudden flash of light followed by an explosion. ''The plane was lifted forward, and we were enveloped in flames,'' Bush recalls. ''I saw the flames running along the wings where the fuel tanks were and where the wings fold. I thought, This is really bad! It's hard to remember the details, but I looked at the instruments and couldn't see them for the smoke.''

Nat J. ''Black'' Adams, pilot of one of the four Hellcats off the *San Jac,* was flying at about ten thousand feet when he saw a torpedo bomber smoking but still continuing its bomb run. ''I knew it was one of our TBMs, and later learned it was Bush.''

Dense smoke poured out of the TBM's engine, and flames swept back along the wings. Bush nevertheless continued his bomb run. Finally over the target, his view from the canopy all but blinded by the thick smoke, he released his bombs. All four bombs made direct hits on the radio tower, which disappeared in swirling flames and flying debris. He lifted the plane from its dive and then turned back out toward the water.

By then the wings were covered in flames and smoke, and the engine was blazing. He considered making a water landing but realized it would not be possible. Bailing out was absolutely the last choice, but he had no other option. He got on the radio and notified squadron leader Melvin of his decision. Melvin radioed back, ''Received your message. Got you in sight. Will follow.''

Milt Moore, flying directly behind Bush, saw the Avenger going down

The newlyweds, George and Barbara Bush, at their wedding reception early in 1945. Of Barbara, a shipmate of George's said that she was "all George could talk about." Leaving the Navy, he enrolled at Yale.

He felt tired, he was alone. He thought: It's all over

smoking. "I pulled up to him; then he lost power and I went sailing by him."

As soon as he was back over water, Bush shouted on the intercom for White and Delaney to "hit the silk!" The intercoms on the Avengers allowed all the planes in the formation to copy transmissions from one another. Dick Gorman, Moore's radioman-gunner, remembers hearing someone on the intercom shout, "Hit the silk!" and asking Moore, "Is that you, Red?"

"No," Moore replied. "It's Bush, he's hit!"

Other squadron members heard Bush repeating the command to bail out, over and over, on the radio.

There was no response from either of Bush's crewmen and no way he could see them; a shield of armor plate between him and Lt. White blocked his view behind. He was certain that White and Delaney had bailed out the moment they got the order.

Bush turned back over the water, leveled his plane, disconnected his headset, released his safety belt and harness, and then pushed himself out of the seat and canopy. The wind tore at his body and blurred his vision. He knew he was about two thousand feet above water, which meant he had time to dive headfirst onto the wing so that the wind could pull him away from the plane and the tail section. But he had never done it before, nor had any other pilot he knew. When he plunged over the side, he banged his head on the tail and jerked the parachute ripcord too soon. The slipstream (air driven backward) had caught his body, all 161 pounds of it, and thrown him toward the tail of the plane. His head grazed the starboard elevator, and his chute snagged on the tail and ripped.

Because of the torn panels in the parachute he plummeted through the air too fast. Although stunned by the blow to his head, Bush had sufficient presence of mind to start unbuckling his seat straps on the way down. The parachute drifted away from him, and he plunged the last twenty feet straight into the water. He saw his parachute blowing off toward Chichi Jima, but his Avenger was nowhere in sight. Kicking with his legs to stay afloat, he yanked the toggles on his flight vest. It inflated properly, but he was not yet out of trouble. He was being nearly pulled under by the weight of his water-soaked flight suit. Gasping, he removed his shoes and struggled to the surface. Blood streamed down from a cut on his head as he began to tread water, searching for the life raft that had been his seat cushion. A Hellcat swooped and drew his attention toward the raft bobbing about fifty feet away. He swam for it, hoping it hadn't been damaged by the fall and would inflate. It did. Bush hauled himself aboard and discovered that the emergency container attached to the raft had been smashed. The realization that he was without fresh water brought him near despair. The raft's paddles had also been lost during the splashdown.

Don Melvin radioed the raft's position to the submarine *Finback*, which was cruising on lifeguard duty some ten miles away. Doug West had seen the Avenger go down and one man parachute into the sea. He skimmed over the raft. From one hundred feet above he could recognize Bush and see that he was bleeding. West circled again, and one of his crewmen dropped an emergency medical kit, which landed some fifty feet away. Bush hand-paddled to it and splashed Mercurochrome over the cut.

He then checked out his regulation .38 caliber pistol, which was wrapped in a navy-issue condomlike case to keep it dry in case of a splashdown. The pistol was in working order—for all the good it would do him. He would gladly have traded it for one small paddle. Meanwhile the tide was slowly pulling him toward Chichi Jima.

There was no sign of another yellow raft on the horizon, but visibility was limited. All he could see was a hazy blue sky and choppy green water. He could only hope that White and Delaney were already safe in the water, and he reflected on the sad irony of White's choosing to come along on this mission. But there was no time for such thoughts. He had to hand-paddle vigorously just to stay put and maintain his position in the event a lifeguard submarine was in the vicinity. His head ached. His arm was burning from the sting of a Portuguese man-of-war. To further complicate matters, he had swallowed some seawater during his splash into the ocean and occasionally had to stop paddling to vomit over the side.

Still he was alive. He reached deep inside himself to stay calm and assess his predicament. He was alone without water in an enemy-controlled area. He knew that if help did not come soon, he would either be picked up by the Japanese or die within a couple of days of thirst and exposure.

He heard the drone of an airplane coming in low, looked up, and recognized Doug West's plane. His heart fell when he saw West waggle his wings in farewell and head off.

For an hour and a half Bush paddled with his cupped hands, trying in vain to keep his raft from drifting. His head throbbed from the sun burning down on it. He was nauseated and exhausted. Stories he had heard of what happened to airmen captured by the Japanese flashed through his mind, and he began to panic. Fear that he might never see his family or Barbara again gave him the strength to continue struggling.

Doug West was still circling above Bush when he saw Japanese craft leave the wharf. He circled the plane around toward the island and went into a dive to strafe the boat and drive the Japanese back. He could see the bullets from his .50 caliber machine gun cut across the water and hit the boat. And then he saw the men jump overboard: West had done all he could and had just enough fuel to reach the *San Jac*. As he passed over Bush for one last time he waggled his wings in farewell.

Bush heard the drone of the plane as it left, and then he heard only the water sloshing against the gunwales. He learned over the side and paddled again, but even as he did so he could tell it was a losing battle against the wind and current. No matter how hard he struggled, the ocean was going to take him to the island he had just bombed, right into the hands of the enemy. He felt tired and he was alone; the sky above him was bright-blue and

Today's Commander in Chief shakes hands with the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Colin Powell. Since December 8, 1941, the President says, "I have stood at attention when the national anthem is played."

clear—no planes anywhere in sight. He prayed and thought, This is it—it's all over.

But at that moment the U.S. submarine Finback *was racing toward where Bush struggled in the ocean, only miles from a Japanese garrison who routinely beheaded captured American flyers. The* Finback *plucked Bush from the sea. Back on the* San Jac, *he flew other missions during the battle for the Philippines in the fall of 1944. The ship returned home late that year and early in January the 21-year-old Bush married Barbara Pierce, a girl who was, said a shipmate, "all George could talk about." Bush joined another squadron to return to the Pacific war, but never got there, the Japanese surrendering on August 14, 1945. The military career of Lieutenant George Bush came to a temporary end after 126 carrier landings and 58 missions. Graduating from Yale, Bush began a political career that was climaxed in 1989 when he once again joined the U.S. military—this time as its Commander in Chief.* ■

George Bush, Student, December 7, 1941

By President George Bush

We asked President Bush where he was on December 7, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and war came to America, and how that day affected his life. The White House sent us this reply:

December 7, 1941

I was walking across the campus at Andover when I heard the news. I was 17. It came as a shock—a jolt—an awakening. I did not fully comprehend world affairs. My interests were our undefeated soccer season just finished, basketball—baseball coming up. Christmas vacation only a couple of weeks away, graduation, then college. Things changed instantly. I knew right then that I wanted to go into the service.

December 8, 1941

Our headmaster, a great historian and tough disciplinarian, summoned us all into George Washington Hall, the school's assembly place. There was the normal joking, kidding, sloppy posture. Dr. Claude M. Fuess called to order the 800 students by saying something like this: "Your country is at war. We have just played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' From now on when 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is played you will stand at attention, hands at your sides, and you will show respect." From that day on, without fail, I have stood at attention when the national anthem is played.

June 12, 1942

Secretary of War Henry Stimson, an alumnus of Andover, spoke at our commencement. He encouraged the graduating class to get some college education before serving. I was determined not to go on to college but to become a Navy pilot. Secretary Stimson was a towering world figure, but I wondered about this call of his.

On the same day, my 18th birthday, I was sworn into the Navy as a Seaman Second Class, the first step toward becoming a pilot. I was a scared, nervous kid. The Navy had just changed the rules. It no longer required two years of college before becoming a pilot; pilots were urgently needed. Walter Levering, Lieutenant USNR, swore me in at Boston. I went on active duty as an aviation cadet August 6, 1942.

The heart-bypass surgery that seemed risky 20 years ago has now become so routine to U.S. surgeons that they perform 350,000 each year. After a heart attack, talk-show host Larry King went in for a bypass. He tells why, when it's your heart they're operating on, there's fear at first. But then you learn that the fear is like . . .

The Bogeyman In the Closet

By Larry King

Late Monday afternoon the chief of cardiothoracic anesthesiology, Dr. Pavel Illner—a tall, thin man, short white hair, very cultured Eastern European accent, looks like Alec Guinness—comes in with his resident, a short, attractive, surprisingly young-looking woman named Dr. Hillary Richardson. He introduces them both, explains that he's going to be putting me to sleep in the morning, and then asks about my medical history. Wants to know if I've ever had general anesthesia before. Do I have fainting spells? Diabetes? Liver problems? Spinal arthritis? Allergy to penicillin? Hives? Yes, when I was a kid and had my mastoidectomy. No. No. No. No. No. No.

"You should not eat or drink anything after midnight," he tells me. "You will be given a pill, a tranquilizer, between six and six-thirty tomorrow morning. They'll come for you around a quarter to seven or so. They'll take you down to the tenth floor. If you have any pain in your chest or shoulder, I must know that. We will use a local anesthesia to put in the IV, and, as you know by now, nothing in the hospital is totally painless"—Diogenes! Diogenes! I got your man! Anyway, he tells me that I'll drift off to sleep and then says that "after you are asleep, I will put a tube in your throat so I will breathe for you with a breathing machine. You should know that the chances are even that we'll have to use blood products. You will wake up the next day, Wednesday morning. You will feel something in your throat—that will be my tube. It is also likely that you are not going to remember the operating room. That is a desirable side effect of the anesthesia."

"I'm scared," I tell him. It is a non sequitur, but it's what's really on my mind. The rest is all smoke screen. Illner, bless him, understands. "I will be, too, when my time comes," he says softly.

Later on, shortly before I turned in for the night, Bob Woolf (my friend and agent) was trying to reassure me: "It's not going to be anywhere near as bad as you think it is."

I tell him that years ago, when I was diagnosed as having heart disease, I

From the book "Mr. King, You're Having a Heart Attack." *Copyright © 1989 by Larry King. Reprinted with permission of Dell Publishing, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc.*

A heart-transplant operation at a Louisville hospital in the 1980s. The artificial heart is in the foreground. Heart-transplant surgery became a last-resort for doctors when a heart-bypass was not feasible.

started worrying about this day. When I had the heart attack, the first thing I asked after the pain subsided was, "I don't need surgery, do I?" Illner frightened me, I'm not sure why because he was very competent and very reassuring. But you know what I think it was? The fact that he said he'd be scared if he was in my position. I did *not* have to hear that. Sure, I want my doctors to be honest, but I also want them guys to be God.

It was sweet of Bob to try to reassure me, but I just wasn't having any. All I could say was, "It's just never been out of my mind."

And it didn't leave my mind until they gave me my sleeping pill around 8:30 P.M.

Next thing I know it's 6:30 the next morning and I'm thinking, "Shit. I just got to sleep." I still couldn't forget that I might not be alive in an hour. There was no way to put that out of my mind. It was terrifying. A feeling that I'll never forget. So the nurse gave me this pill, a strong Valium. Then a guy came with a stretcher.

Wayne Isom (my surgeon) tells me that by the time I got into the OR the team was assembled and waiting to go, first case of the day. They've got three or four surgeons involved. There's the cardiac anesthesiologist—in my case Dr. Illner—who gives the anesthesia, and he has an anesthesia resident, somebody who already has his—in his case, her—M.D. and is doing training in anesthesia. And there's what they call a circulating nurse, who isn't scrubbed; that means if there's any equipment that needs to be obtained that's outside the sterile area, or anything that needs to be done outside that area, she does it. There's at least one scrub nurse—a nurse who's scrubbed to the elbows and wears a sterile gown, not a nurse who cleans things. She's the one you see in all the doctor shows who slaps the scalpel onto the surgeon's palm when he calls "Scalpel!" She makes sure all the instruments are ready to go at the right time—Isom tells me she's a real key player in the whole thing. If she's good, everything goes like clockwork. If she isn't, you got trouble. Then there are two pump nurses, the specially trained nurses who run the pump—the heart-lung machine—that takes over the circulation and oxygenation of the blood when the patient is on bypass and they stop the heart. A lot of places they just have one pump nurse, but Isom always has two, says it's like having a pilot and co-pilot. And they are very, very important. They're really vital. After all, that machine is what keeps you alive while the surgeons are down there working. So altogether you've got between eight and about twelve people directly involved. And they all gotta work together like a fine-tuned machine.

Isom explained to me that once Illner and his resident got me to sleep . . . Actually they have to use drugs to paralyze you so you can't move at all during the surgery; they also provide the right level of analgesia—pain blockage—and then the anesthesia, which is the "sleep."

Isom told me that it takes them between twenty and forty minutes to remove the veins from the leg. I couldn't figure out how my leg was going to get

"Sure, I want my doctors to be honest, but I also want them guys to be God"

enough blood if they took out the veins, but he explained that there are two sets: a deep set and, near the surface, a superficial set. You can take the superficial set, and the deep set can handle all the blood supply needs of the legs. In fact, a lot of women who have varicose veins have some of those superficial veins removed for cosmetic reasons alone.

In my case they were also going to use what's called the internal mammary artery, one of the main vessels in the chest. Like the veins in the legs, they can take it because there's another source of blood for the muscles the internal mammary supplies. Isom told me that although surgery's more complicated when they use the internal mammary—and not every surgeon knows how to do it—they've learned that, over time, you're better off if they use an artery for bypass rather than a vein, because the artery stands up better under the kind of pressure it gets subjected to. Another advantage in using the internal mammary is that it comes with a blood supply. It isn't completely removed, like the leg veins. They make a cut in it and then reconnect it below one of the coronary artery blockages. So they "put it in" already connected to its blood supply.

When they took me into surgery they were betting that they were going to do a quadruple bypass, sewing in veins to carry the blood around four blockages in the coronary arteries. But Isom later told me that when they got me opened and saw what the story really was, they ended up doing five bypasses—a quintuple.

Anyway, Isom told me that when they opened me up, they discovered that there was one area of blockage that was worse than they expected. So

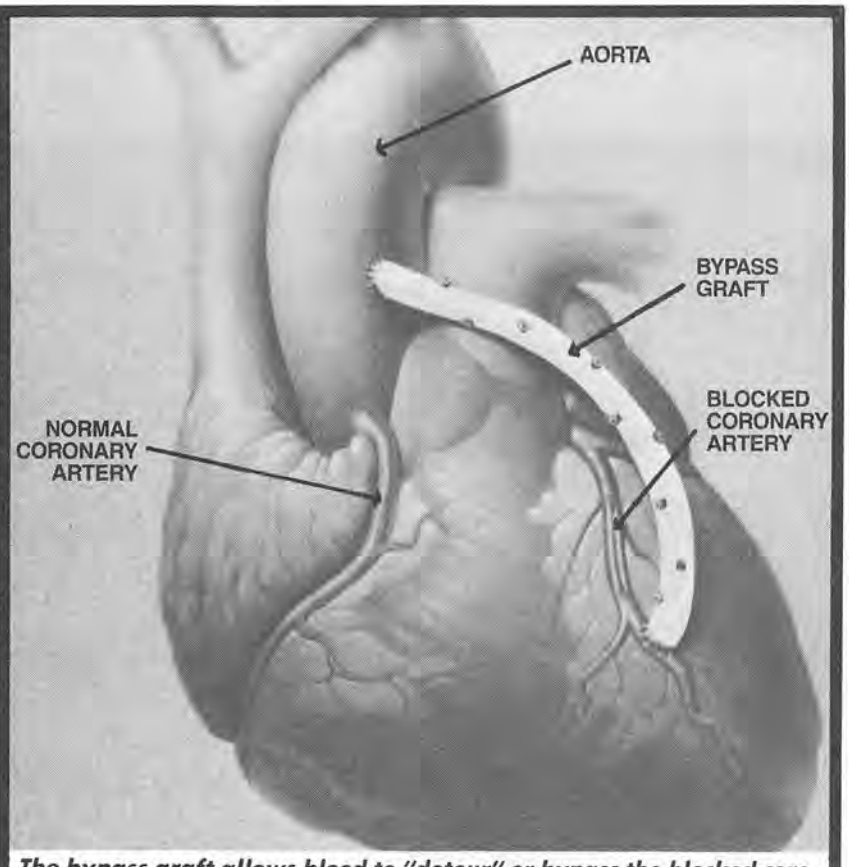


Illustration by Jane Hurd in *Momentum Toward Health*, National Institutes of Health, 1985.

The bypass graft allows blood to "detour" or bypass the blocked coronary artery. The blood again has an open "highway" to feed the heart with the oxygenated blood it needs to keep on pumping.

The Bypass Operation: How It Saves 350,000 Lives a Year

The dictionary defines "bypass" as a road that swings around a town, a construction site, or other impediment to through traffic. Larry King's surgery is aptly named: Like a highway bypass, it's engineered to reroute traffic—here, the bloodstream—around obstructions.

Blood flows continuously through the heart, a muscular pump. With each contraction ("beat"), incoming blood is sent to the lungs for a fresh supply of oxygen, cycled back to the heart, then out through the arteries to every part of the body.

Despite the nourishing blood within it, the heart muscle has no direct access to that blood. Like every other part of the body from brain to biceps, it relies on the network of arteries to deliver the oxygen it needs. Arteries, unfortunately, can develop blockages—fatty, fibrous deposits, called plaque, that gradually build up on the vessel's inner walls, narrowing the passage through which the blood flows. If the coronary arteries—those serving the heart—become blocked, the heart begins to falter. The results may be recurrent episodes of chest pain (angina), along with fatigue and disability—or a full-blown heart attack such as King experienced in 1987.

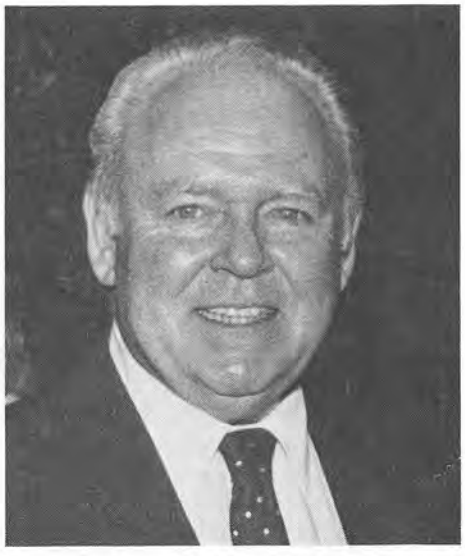
King's operation followed that event, but bypass surgery is often done before an attack has occurred, when critical blockage in the coronary arteries has been confirmed and nonsurgical treatment has failed to help. In the surgery, as King reports, other vessels—the superficial saphenous vein from the thigh and/or the internal mammary artery—are used to detour blood flow around the blockages. During the operation, the heart and lungs are temporarily "bypassed," their tasks assumed by an external machine that oxygenates and recirculates the body's blood supply.

The first coronary artery bypass surgery was performed in 1967. By 1980, half a million operations had taken place. Now, there are more than 350,000 every year.

As that surgery nears its twenty-fifth birthday, doctors are eyeing techniques to actually reopen blocked arteries. One, already widely used, is balloon angioplasty, in which a tiny balloon is threaded into the artery and inflated to flatten the plaque and force the vessel open. A miniature scraper that can be sent in to shave deposits from an artery wall was approved by the Food and Drug Administration late last year. Researchers are also exploring other alternatives, including the implantation of cage-like structures to hold arteries open and the use of plaque-zapping lasers.

—Dodi Schultz

New York Governor Mario Cuomo shows Larry a get-well gift, a Louisville Slugger bat, to remind the patient that surgery would keep him swinging. Two days after the operation, Larry was making phone calls and doing interviews for his Mutual Radio and CNN television shows.



Carroll O'Connor

Barbara Bel Geddes

bad, in fact, that the strain of surgery started to cause some changes in my EKG before they even put me on the heart-lung machine. By the same token, another area turned out to be better than they thought. He explained that a lot depends on what angle the pictures have been taken at, what you really can and can't see on the films. They have a pretty good idea before you go in of what they're going to find, Isom explained, but they always have to be prepared for changes in the game plan. Sometimes they expect to do a quintuple, end up doing a quadruple or a triple. Or it may turn out the other way around. They just can't give you a solid number before they start. But even doing a quintuple on me, they had me on the pump for less than an hour. The surgery itself began at 8:45, and the record indicates that it wasn't completely finished until 3:05—a total of six hours and twenty minutes under the knife. Anyway, around 2 P.M. Anne Cote, director of patient services, and Dr. David Skinner, the president of the hospital, walk into the waiting room and tell the family that everything's great, I'm coming off the pump, it was a quintuple bypass, and it's okay for them to breathe. Of course I know none of this until days later. Last thing I know was having them make sure I was me, next thing I know I hear a voice saying, "Mr. King, surgery is over. It's 6 P.M. The tube is in your throat, as you knew it would be. We expect to take it out within the hour."

I don't want anybody to think this was all a piece of cake. It wasn't. I

Other celebrities among the millions who say "thank you" for bypass surgery

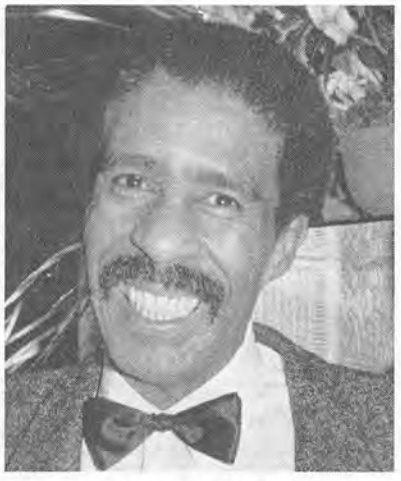
Peggy Lee

Duke Snider

Isabel Sanford

Rod Steiger

Ralph Bellamy



Richard Pryor

mean, they turn your chest into a construction site, you feel it afterwards—for weeks. You hurt. You ache. You're sore. You're sore as hell. But you're not in what I would call *pain*. Believe it or not, I've had *far* worse pain from toothaches, earaches, and headaches than I had from the surgery. But there's pain and there's pain. There's nothing to magnify pain, to turn aches into pain, like anticipation, fear of the unknown, just plain terror. Remember when you were a little kid and the bogeyman lived in your bedroom closet? Mom or Dad had to close the closet door every night or the bogeyman would slip out and get you? Scared you to go to bed at night? And then one bright, sunny afternoon you decided, "Hey, let's see what's in the closet!" Nothing there but your fuzzy bunny slippers, some clothes, and a load of pieces of broken toys. No bogeyman. From then you didn't care if the closet door was open or closed. The bogeyman was dead. Well, the pain was like the bogeyman. Once the fear of the unknown was past, it was like the junk on the closet floor—it was there, but it sure wasn't gonna consume me.

So Wednesday morning, eight days, $23,287.60—and that *doesn't* include a single doctor's bill—after checking in for bypass surgery, I leave New York Hospital. Well, as they took me downstairs to leave I noticed things: They have these glass inlays in the floor of the main entrance to New York Hospital. It's a very pretty place. Especially when you're leaving. ■

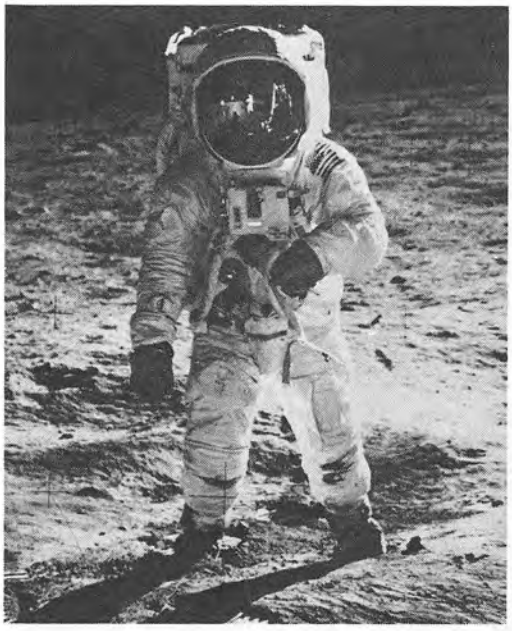
LOOKING BACK

AH! I REMEMBER THAT WELL!

You have seen them so often—these nine great photos of the past 50 years—that you could write the captions. Or could you? Take our quiz and find out

1.
We'll give you two points for the name of this sex goddess. For five points, what picture was she making when this revealing photo was taken? And for three points, name the city in which she blew her cover.

2.
One point for the name of this ear bender. For five, name the breed of dog he's lifting. And for four points, name the building in the background.



3.
Who's the astronaut (four points)? He was second on the moon. For another four, who was first (he took this photo)? For two points, can you give us the year?

4.
(Right): Who's trying to fend off the bullet that will kill him (three points)? Who shot him (three)? What's the date and place (four)?

© 1963 by Bob Jackson

5.
(Below): What is he saluting (three points)? What did his father call him (three points)? Give the month and year (four points).

6.
Where is this flag being raised (three points)? What kind of soldiers are they (three points)? Name the year (four points).

7.
Why is he smiling (three points)? Rewrite the headline (three). Name the month and year (four).

8.
(Below left): Name the batter (four). Name his big league team (four). Name the year (two).

9.
Name the blond (two). What makes this photo historic (three)? What part of her anatomy was insured for millions (four)?

ANSWERS

ANSWERS: **1. Marilyn Monroe (2 points), The Seven Year Itch (5), New York City (3). 2. President Lyndon B. Johnson (1), beagle (5), the White House (4). 3. Buzz Aldrin (4), Neil Armstrong (4), 1969 (2). 4. Lee Oswald (4), Harry Ruby (4), Nov. 23, 1963, Dallas (2). 5. The coffin of his father, John F. Kennedy (3), John-John (3), November, 1963 (4). 6. Iwo Jima (3), U.S. Marines (3), 1945 (4). 7. He was just elected President (3), Truman Defeats Dewey (3), November, 1948 (4). 8. Eddie Gaedel (4), St. Louis Browns (4), 1951 (2). 9. Betty Grable (2), World War II's most popular pinup (4), her legs (4).**

SCORING

A score of 70 to 90 should leave you in no dread of Alzheimer's. From 55 to 70 means you had better jot down the date of your spouse's birthday. Below 55 can mean one of two things: You are either very young or yesterday is a thing you would sooner forget.

LOOKING BACK

"SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY"

No, it only seems like yesterday. These events happened 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 years ago. Do you remember where you were when they happened?

50 YEARS AGO . . .

1941: Jan.6: President Roosevelt asks Congress for a Lend-Lease program to help the nations fighting Nazi Germany, calling for "a world founded on the four freedoms." **March 12:** Lend Lease bill is signed into law by Roosevelt, allowing him to send as much as $7 billion to aid Great Britain, now fighting almost alone against Germany. **July 17:** Yankee slugger Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak ends in Cleveland. **Aug. 12:** Meeting in warships off Newfoundland, Britain's Winston Churchill and Roosevelt agree on what will be called the Atlantic Charter. **Oct. 6:** Yankees defeat Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series, four games to one. **Oct. 31:** U.S.destroyer Reuben James sunk by a German submarine. **Dec. 7:** Japanese carrier-based planes bomb the American naval base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. **Dec. 8:** Japan's ships, troops and planes strike at British, U.S., Dutch and French colonies in southeast Asia, including the Philippines. **Dec. 11:** Germany and Italy declare war on the United States. **Dec. 22:** Churchill and Roosevelt meet in Washington to discuss war strategy and form what Roosevelt names "United Nations" to fight Germany and Japan. **Dec. 31:** Year's Top Ten movies include *The Maltese Falcon* and *Citizen Kane*.

July 17, 1941: ***Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak comes to an end in Cleveland.***

Jan. 6, 1941: ***President Franklin D. Roosevelt calls for "a world founded on the four freedoms."***

Dec. 7, 1941: ***The smoking U.S. battleship*** **Arizona** ***goes to the bottom at Pearl Harbor after bombers from Japanese carriers caught the American navy asleep. The bombs kill more than a thousand Americans.***

40 YEARS AGO . . .

1951: Feb. 26: The 22nd Amendment is ratified, placing a limit of two terms on the presidency. **March 13:** Senator Estes Kefauver's committee questions Mafia mobster Frank Costello as TV viewers watch mesmerized. **March 15:** American 8th Army troops recapture Seoul, the capital of South Korea. **April 4:** The Rochester Royals defeat the New York Knicks for the National Basketball Association championship. **April 5:** Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted of spying for the Soviet Union, are sentenced to die in the electric chair in New York. **April 11:** President Truman relieves General Douglas MacArthur of command of the United Nations forces in Korea after MacArthur objected to Truman's refusal to allow him to bomb bases in China. **April 19:** Speaking in front of the Congress, MacArthur tells the nation on TV: "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away." **May 12:** The U.S. detonates the first thermonuclear device—the hydrogen bomb—in the Pacific. **Oct. 3:** New York Giant Bobby Thomson hits a ninth-inning homer to defeat the Dodgers,5-4, and win the National League pennant. **Oct. 10:** Yankees defeat the Giants, four games to two, to win the World Series. **Dec. 23:** Los Angeles Rams defeat the Cleveland Browns, 24-17, to win the National Football League championship. **Dec. 31:** *I Love Lucy* is the most popular new TV show and among the year's Top Ten movies are *The African Queen* and *A Place in the Sun*.

Oct, 3, 1951: ***Bobby Thomson is carted off the field by delirious Giant fans at the Polo Grounds.***

April 20, 1951: ***A ticker tape parade in New York City welcomes home General Douglas MacArthur.***

March 13, 1951: ***Mobster Frank Costello is sworn in by Senator Estes Kefauver's committee.***

June 4, 1961: ***President John F. Kennedy and Premier Nikita Khruschev meet in Vienna.***

30 YEARS AGO . . .

1961: Jan. 17: In a farewell address, President Eisenhower warns against "unwarranted influence by the military-industry complex." **Jan. 20:** In his inaugural address, President Kennedy tells the nation: "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country." **March 1:** Kennedy signs an order that forms the Peace Corps. **April 12:** Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin orbits the earth in a spaceship. **April 11:** Bob Cousy's Boston Celtics defeat the St. Louis Hawks, four games to one, to win the NBA title. **April 24:** Kennedy accepts blame for the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba which ended with the defeat of forces trying to overthrow Premier Fidel Castro. **May 5:** Commander Alan Shephard rockets 115 miles into space for a 15-minute suborbital trip. **May 11:** Kennedy sends 500 military advisors, called Green Berets, to train South Vietnamese troops in their war against North Vietnamese guerrillas. **May 1:** "Freedom Riders" begin a tour of the south to test desegregation rulings. **June 1:** Chubby Checker's record, "The Twist," sets off a new dance craze. **June 4:** Kennedy meets with Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna. **Oct. 1:** The Yankees' Roger Maris hits his 61st homer of the season to break Babe Ruth's record of 60. **Oct. 9:** Yankees defeat the Cincinnati Reds, four games to one, to win the World Series. **Dec. 31:** Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers defeat the New York Giants, 37-10, for the NFL title. **Dec. 31:** Best movies of the year include *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *A Raisin in the Sun*.

June 1, 1961: ***"The Twist" becomes the nation's newest dance craze, inspired by the best-selling Chubby Checker record.***

20 YEARS AGO . . .

1971: Jan. 17: The Baltimore Colts defeat the Dallas Cowboys, 16-13, to win Super Bowl V. **Feb. 8:** South Vietnamese troops invade neighboring Laos to attack North Vietnamese bases. **March 29:** Lt. William Calley is found guilty by a court martial of the murder of Vietnamese civilians in the village of My Lai. **March 29:** William Manson and three women are found guilty of the murder of actress Sharon Tate. **April 20:** The Supreme Court upholds busing as a way to integrate schools. **May 1:** Milwaukee Bucks sweep the Baltimore Bullets in four games to win the NBA championship. **May 3:** More than a half million anti-war demonstrators march in Washington; 7,000 are arrested. **June 13:** *The New York Times* prints the Pentagon papers, top-secret documents about decisions that involved America in the Vietnam war. **July 25:** The 26th amendment is ratified allowing 18-year-olds to vote in state and national elections. **July 30:** Two American astronauts take a five-mile-long ride on the moon. They are the sixth and seventh Americans to land on the moon. **Aug. 11:** The Defense Department announces that U.S. soldiers will no longer engage in ground fighting in Vietnam. **Oct. 1:** Disney World opens in Orlando, Florida. **Oct. 17:** The Pittsburgh Pirates defeat the Baltimore Orioles, four games to three, in the World Series. **Dec. 31:** Best new TV series is *All in the Family*. Top Ten movies include *Patton*. *Fiddler on the Roof* becomes Broadway's longest-running musical.

May 3, 1971: ***A peace demonstrator is among more than 7,000 arrested in Washington, D.C.***

Sept. 25, 1981: ***As her husband watches, Sandra Day O'Connor joins the U.S. Supreme Court.***

April 3, 1981: ***A joyous Nancy Reagan visits her husband recuperating from gunshot wounds.***

Jan. 17, 1971: ***Baltimore Colt Jim O'Brien kicks a last-second field goal to win Super Bowl V.***

May 14, 1981: ***Celtic GM Red Auerbach is doused by champagne after Celtics win another NBA title.***

10 YEARS AGO . . .

1981: Jan. 21: As Ronald Reagan is sworn in as President, Iran releases 52 American hostages after 444 days in captivity. **Jan. 30:** The Washington Redskins defeat the Miami Dolphins, 27-17, in Super Bowl XV. **Feb. 27:** Chrysler Corp. sets a U.S. record by losing $1.71 billion in 1970, but gets a $400 million loan from the U.S. Treasury. **Feb. 18:** President Reagan calls on Congress to slash taxes by $53.9 billion, raise military spending, but cut domestic programs like student loans and welfare payments. **March 30:** Reagan is shot by a deranged student, John Hinckley, but survives after two hours of surgery. **April 14:** The spacecraft *Columbia*—the world's first reusable spaceship—circles the earth 36 times in 54 hours and lands in the California desert. **May 14:** The Boston Celtics defeat the Houston Rockets, four games to two, to win the NBA title. **May 1:** One senator and seven members of the House of Representatives are found guilty of taking bribes from what they thought were Arab sheiks in the Abscam case. **Aug. 12:** President Reagan fires 2,000 air-traffic controllers whose union called them out on strike. **Sept. 25:** The 102nd Supreme Court Justice, Sandra Day O'Connor, becomes the first woman to sit on the nation's highest court. **Oct. 21:** The Philadelphia Phillies beat the Kansas City Royals, four games to two, to win the World Series. **Dec. 1:** Researchers say they have identified a disease that has been killing homosexual men, name it Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), and say "a potential for epidemic exists." **Dec. 31:** Top Ten movies include *Chariots of Fire* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

TELEVISION

By Norman King

OPRAH VS. PHIL

It's 1984, Chicago: Donahue is No. 1, she is unknown. Then . . . Did she really say *that*?

She arrived in Chicago not at all like the all-conquering heroine, but simply like herself—brassy, somewhat sassy, and at the same time vulnerable in that peculiarly aggressive Oprah Winfrey way.

What struck Oprah [in 1984] as she studied the past reviews of the show [*A.M. Chicago*] was that the plan had apparently been to stay out of the way of the Phil Donahue juggernaut—the show had the same time slot, 9 A.M.—on another network. Nobody wanted to be in the rowboat when it was sliced in two by the ocean liner.

Whether that was what *really* obsessed the talk-show host in the morning or not, Oprah vowed not to cower in the shadow of Donahue. She knew all about him. But she had outwitted him and outdrawn him in Baltimore. Perhaps it was a freak situation. But in spite of the fact that he was Número Uno in the talk-show business, she *had* outperformed him in her last job.

And the Lady from Baltimore had a good idea about that audience out there watching. It was exactly the way Phil Donahue's was: predominantly the white housewife.

"She's out there, putting the laundry in," was the way Oprah phrased it. "Sometimes I'll just say, 'Hold on, I'm trying to get your attention. I know you just took the roast beef out and you're trying to thaw it out.' I'm really fascinated by what people *do* in their lives all day. I could have a discussion all day with just a housewife, saying, 'What do you do?' "

It was a highly competitive situation, with plenty of heat on both Oprah and Donahue. Oprah kept that salient point in her mind at all times.

And she handled guests like a consummate pro—getting the best out of each of them without any advance study.

For example:

•The actor Dudley Moore was talking about his personal life, particularly his sex life. Oprah noted that Moore's companions were quite frequently taller than him; that wouldn't be strange, inasmuch as Moore was shorter than average.

Now Oprah came to the question that she said was *the* question she had always wondered about.

"Aren't there some technical problems posed by your habit of wanting to sleep with taller women?"

Moore thought for a moment.

"Well," he replied slowly, "most of their length seems to be in their legs. Luckily."

•When Oprah got Boy George on the show, she got him to talk about his habit of appearing in women's clothes. And then came the typical Oprah-like question—one she said she had always wondered about.

"What does your *mother* think when you go out?"

Boy George frowned. "She says she never thought she'd be proud to have a son dressed up like a transvestite."

•It was not only sex that engaged the viewers. She was talking one day with James Coco, chatting about this and that, until they got around to diets and weight control. Coco had gone on a stringent diet and had lost a hundred pounds.

A hundred pounds!

"See," said Oprah seriously, "God was looking

Oprah the mischief maker: She knew all about Phil Donahue. She had outwitted him once, she'd try again.

out for you.'' Then, with a mischievous glint in her eye: ''Sometimes She does.''

●She was once engaged in a serious discussion with a female scientist about the size of the male organ, in particular about the difference it made in a satisfactory sexual encounter. Did the size of the male organ, in effect, have anything to do with the degree of female satisfaction?

The discussion did not seem to be getting to the point that Oprah was interested in.

''If you had your choice, you'd like to have a big one if you could! Right? Bring a big one home to Mamma!''

●She was interviewing actress Sally Field at one time and the talk turned to Burt Reynolds, with whom the actress was involved and also had made several very funny films.

Oprah was thinking about the actor, and a sudden thought occurred to her.

''Does Burt sleep with his toupee on or off?''

Sally Field froze. ''I . . . beg . . . your . . . pardon.''

Oprah simply shifted gears and pulled another question down off the wall of her subconscious—and the show went on.

●A visiting sociologist was once describing a situation in which two female roommates who were just good friends suddenly evolved virtually overnight into a lesbian couple. Each step brought gasps from the audience.

Oprah's eyes widened as the sociologist continued, until finally she sighed and cried out:

''I'm *never* getting a roommate!''

●She even brought up an interesting problem in a serious discussion about television commercials. The talk turned to the kinds of commercials made for Calvin Klein clothes.

Finally Oprah burst out with her thoughts:

''I hate *all* those jeans ads. They all have such tiny little butts in those ads!''

After seven months in her morning time slot, the *A.M. Chicago* show was extended from a half hour to an hour. And by the end of 1984, Oprah Winfrey was definitely a phenomenon in Chicago—just as much a phenomenon as Phil Donahue had been before her, when he had become king of the talk shows. And now she was gobbling up a lot more of his 9:00 A.M. share of the market than she had when she was starting.

In January 1985 the *Donahue* show quite suddenly pulled up stakes, folded its tents, and took off for New York City. Of course the *real* reason was that Donahue and his second wife—the actress-producer Marlo Thomas—wanted to spend more time together. She was appearing on Broadway and Donahue was working out of Chicago—their erratic schedule was interfering with their marriage.

Oprah was amused at the way it played. ''It's just that here we are stomping him in the ratings, you know, and suddenly—he's gone! It was maahvelous!'' ■

From the book EVERYBODY LOVES OPRAH! by Norman King. Copyright © 1987 by Bill Adler Books, Inc. Reprinted with permission of William Morrow and Co., Inc.

Sly Oprah: She hated the Klein jeans ads with "such tiny little butts . . ."

Serious Phil: As a show business Numero Uno, he eyed the white housewife.

TRAVEL

By Charles Kuralt

HUBBUB HUBS

When someone made hubs out of airports, they took the fun out of flying

These days, I am on the road during the week, but I always have to get back to New York on the weekend to work on the *Sunday Morning* program. So I spend a lot of time in the lines of the airline counters. Most people who have to go somewhere in America nowadays wait in those same lines. I can remember when people in those lines laughed and chatted, anticipating the exciting trips they were about to make up above the clouds. Now, they wait glumly and check their watches. This is because airline travel has changed, and they know they're not going to have any fun up there.

Once, you could fly from Denver, Colorado, to Elko, Nevada, on the same airliner. You could have a drink and a smoke and a hot meal served on a real plate and watch the mountains go by. It was always a little bumpy over the mountains, but the stewardesses never looked worried.

Today, you can't go from Denver to Elko. You go to Salt Lake City instead. Your plane leaves Denver at the same time about sixty other planes are trying to leave, for Denver has become a hub for United and Continental, and you arrive in Salt Lake City at the same time about thirty other planes are trying to land, for Salt Lake City is a hub for Delta. When the plane finally makes it to an open gate, you step off into a swarming hell of connecting passengers, all of whom started their trips in Denver or Boise or Los Angeles in an attempt to get to Elko or Billings or Idaho Falls. All of them are in Salt Lake City, where none of them wishes to be. They criss-cross in the maze, their suit bags flying behind them, running and cursing from Terminal C to Terminal A (for a master airline computer hums all day to assure that no passenger may ever depart from the same concourse at which he landed). For a distraught and agitated hour, they jam the bars, toilets and telephone booths and sprint down the endless corridors until the last gate is shut, the last jetway retracted and the last winged aluminum tube has departed with its cargo of sweaty passengers and misdirected luggage to wait in line out on the taxiway. Then an otherworldly peace descends upon Salt Lake City International Airport. A few lost souls wander dazed in the strange silence, having been left behind. And you—you who remember the old, easy days when airplanes flew from Denver to Elko—you are one of these. For the plane you were looking for in Salt Lake City, designated by Delta as Delta Flight 5857, is known to the people who actually fly it as Sky West 5857. This is a little trick played on you by the big airlines. Nobody back in Denver ever mentioned anything called Sky West, or that the airplane in question is the sort you must bend deeply to enter and double your legs under your chin to sit down in after divining its distant parking place. So you—you who still think of passenger airplanes as DC-9s or -10s, or at least -6s or -7s—watch from a window as something known as a Fairchild Swearingen Metro leaves without you. There will be another flight to Elko in two hours and thirty-two minutes. In the meantime, you have a big, quiet airport pretty much all to yourself in which to reflect on the improvement in North American air travel over the years.

Cities *want* to be airline hubs. The theory, I guess, is that a certain number of passengers will miss their planes and spend nights in town, dining and dancing and spending money freely, shopping the next morning for washer-dryers, and, who knows, station wagons, before winging on to their destinations. But regular travelers hate these wretched sprawling terminals, and eventually, by extension, the cities whose names they bear: Chicago, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Dallas, Denver, Minneapolis—St. Paul. (Old question in the south: "If you die and go to hell, do you have to change in Atlanta?" Answer: "If you die in Georgia, Alabama or Mississippi, yes, you do.")

American Airlines, which never even bothered to fly to Raleigh-Durham in the nice days, now deposits thousands of passengers there whether they want to be there or not, and after an hour or two, at its convenience, picks most of these same people up and flies them somewhere else. Raleigh and Durham are very proud that their airport is now a hub.

Most steady customers of the airlines mention Atlanta Hartsfield and Chicago O'Hare as the abattoirs of the continent, but I have more often been hacked and bloodied at Minneapolis-St. Paul. Victims attempting connections at Minneapolis must run a fiendish gauntlet, a corridor constructed in a

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At hubs like Atlanta Hartsfield and Chicago O'Hare, says the author, people are whirled like baggage from one airline to another. And if you die in the south, almost certainly you can only go to hell by changing in Atlanta.

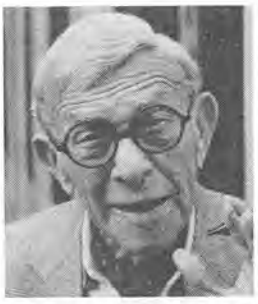
former cornfield on the bluffs above the Minnesota River. When the pathetic connecting passenger finally drags his suitcase to its end with the seconds ticking away before the departure of his outgoing flight, the smile of triumph on his face suddenly vanishes. He discovers he has not reached his goal at all. What he saw in the glimmering distance was only a mirage, the main terminal, where he now must pass out of the security zone, struggle the length of the building, up to pass through *another* security gate and then pant down *another* interminable hallway in order to miss a connection on the same airline he came in on! I have missed so many flights on this airline and dawdled away so much time in the Minneapolis airport that employees of the gift shops and newsstands there nod to me as I pass. They think I work there too. ■

Charles Kuralt is a veteran traveler for CBS.

LOVE & MARRIAGE

By George Burns

CHEATING HUSBANDS



George had an affair. Gracie found out. Here's how a wise wife saved a marriage

I made some mistakes in our marriage. I made one big mistake that I've never talked about before. I cheated on Gracie once. That's why I've never talked about it before.

A lot of people in Hollywood, a lot of our friends, had affairs. One actor I knew had a rule that he would never sleep with a married woman, as it turned out that included his wife. Even I had plenty of opportunities, but I got pretty good at turning them down. I once turned down Marilyn Monroe.

I am absolutely not puffing on my cigar.

One week I got a call from an agent named Joe Cooper, who told me he was representing "the most beautiful girl you've ever seen," and he was hoping I could find a small part for her on the radio show.

I told Joe Cooper. "The only time I've got to see her is if she comes up to the office at about seven-thirty. If she comes up here, I can talk to her for a few minutes. I'll see what I can do." About getting her a part on the show, I meant.

George Burns and Gracie Allen: "I wasn't very good at cheating . . . Somehow Gracie found out, and I found out that Gracie had found out."

At seven-thirty Friday night Marilyn Monroe walked into my office and I took one look at her and knew an historic event had taken place: for the first time in history an agent had been telling the truth. She was probably about eighteen years old, and one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. And she was wearing a very tight sweater that accentuated her positives. She seemed like a nice kid, too. We spoke for about twenty minutes, then I told her, "I'm sorry, but I've got to leave because I've got the tickets to the fight and my friends are waiting for me."

We stood up and shook hands and she walked to the door. She put her hand on the doorknob and stopped. She pointed to her chest with her index finger and said, "These are real, you know." I guess she was pretty surprised that I hadn't made a play for her. But I took her word for that.

Gracie was not naive. She knew what was going on in Hollywood. But she was very practical about it. When Meredith Willson was our music director, for example, his wife found

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out he was going around with his secretary. "I'm going to leave him," she told Gracie. "I'm going to divorce him."

Gracie asked, "Does Meredith still love you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is he there for you when you need him?"

"Yes, he is."

"And you're leaving him because he's having an affair with his secretary? Don't be so silly. If you leave him, he'll be all alone, and he'll marry her. Then what will you have?" That was good advice. Meredith Willson's wife didn't follow it. He married his secretary, but it was still good advice.

I had my affair in the early 1950s. It was with a beautiful starlet. I don't remember her name, but she was very pretty and very sexy. I actually don't remember what she looked like, either, but this is my book and if I'm going to have an affair in it, it's only going to be with someone beautiful and sexy.

Gracie and I were having a little fight at the time. She wanted to buy a silver centerpiece that cost $750. I didn't want to buy a silver centerpiece at any price. We had silver centerpieces. "What do we need another one for?" I asked Gracie. "We already have two. You can only use one at a time."

Then I cheated with this girl. I had my one-night affair. I don't know why I did it, maybe I had had too much to drink, but it had nothing to do with the centerpiece. I wasn't very good at cheating, maybe because I hadn't done it before. Somehow Gracie found out, and I found out that Gracie had found out. So she knew, and I knew she knew, but I didn't know if she knew that I knew that she knew. If that had kept up we might have had a whole new act.

I didn't know what to do about it. Gracie never said a word. That was even tougher than if we had gotten into a big fight. The longer she went without saying anything, the more guilty I felt. Finally, after a few days I couldn't take it anymore. I went out and bought her the $750 silver centerpiece and a $10,000 diamond ring and gave them to her. I never told her why I'd bought them for her and she never asked, and she never said a single word about my affair.

Seven years later she was out shopping with Mary Benny and they were in the silver department at Saks. Gracie found a centerpiece she really liked and she said to Mary, "You know, I wish George would cheat again, I really need a new centerpiece."

Look, I was very lucky that Gracie handled it the way she did. My mistake could have ruined both of our lives. But she was so smart, she just never mentioned it. And, in her own way, she forgave me. So today I think about Gracie every single day, and at least once a month I go to the Forest Lawn Cemetery to visit her and tell her all about my life. And the other girl, the starlet? I wouldn't even recognize her if I ran into her. That's how smart Gracie really was. ■

CROSSWORD

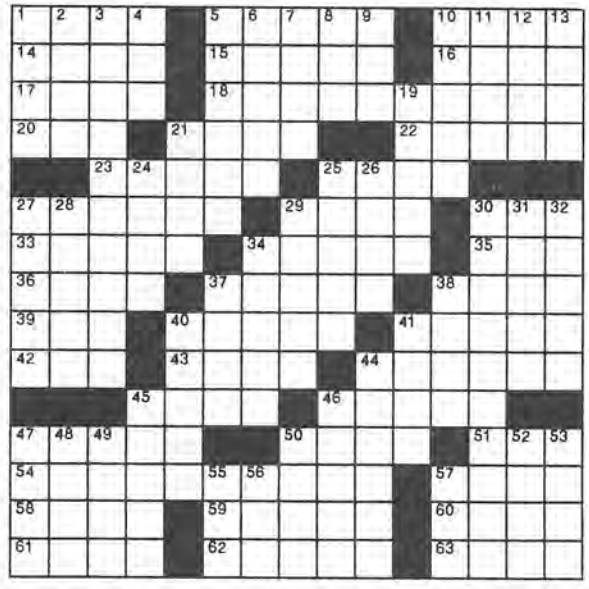
Testing you on this issue of Memories

ACROSS

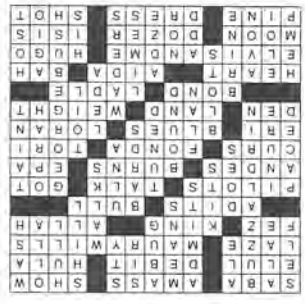
1 N. Leeward island
5 Pile up
10 Extravaganza
14 Yom Kippur's month
15 An account entry
16 Wahine's dance
17 Hang out by the pool
18 Former Dodgers' ace base stealer (2 wds.)
20 Tarboosh
21 Popular radio and TV host
22 Mohammed's deity
23 Passage
25 China-shop wrecker
27 What 30-D and his buddies were
29 It's cheap
30 Obtained
33 Bolivia's range
34 He plans to play the Palladium at 100
35 Acid rain org.
36 Mangy mutts
37 Her Hanoi trip raised a ruckus
38 Doughnut-shaped solids
39 Wild Assamese silkworm
40 What Billie Holiday sang
41 Navigational device
42 Snuggery
43 What sailors like to see
44 What Nidetch still watches
45 007
46 Big dipper
47 Valentine's Day logo
50 Role for Leontyne Price
51 Scrooge's expletive
54 Priscilla Presley's memoirs (3 wds.)
57 Science Fiction award
58 Where 3-D went for a walk
59 Napper
60 Wife of Osiris
61 Evergreen
62 Tog up
63 Marksman

DOWN

1 Fitness-oriented magazine
2 Wings
3 Moon walker (2 wds.)
4 Dart player's favorite drink
5 'Fesses up
6 Financial resources
7 Snug as —— in a rug (2 wds.)
8 Baronet's address
9 Porker palace
10 Shell game
11 Jane Addams' noted house
12 Earthen stewpot
13 Wash and ——
19 Gets four balls
21 They go with caboodles
24 Accomplishes
25 Minnesingers
26 Radius neighbor
27 Wore a hole in the rug
28 Steel
29 What Nero did
30 Read his lips (2 wds.)
31 Donahue rival
32 Stain
34 Tied up
37 Custard-like dessert
38 Travail
40 Escutcheon smears
41 Mother of Helen of Troy
44 Angler's gear
45 Pickle juice
46 Fruit in vodka drinks
47 Rope fiber
48 "The Time Machine" underdogs
49 Stratford's river
50 "This Old House" prop
52 Exchange premium
53 Jay, Johnny or Phil
55 Sum up
56 Neither's partner
57 Pronoun



ANSWER



HUMOR

By Art Buchwald

BOOB-TUBE FANS

Now that sports on TV have become part of our living room, can those crazy fans be far behind?

You see them on television holding their fingers in the air and sticking their tongues out, and you wonder where they come from. They're the fans that the cameras pan to between football plays. They are the people who make everything about TV sports worthwhile.

How do sports fans qualify for a moment of fame at the football game? I asked Bill Pearson, whom you probably saw in the final quarter of the Redskins-Bears game. Aw, come on, don't say you've forgotten him. He was the fellow in the Redskins knit hat, who waved his arms up and down and yelled, "Hi, Mom" into the camera. Everyone was talking about it the next day.

I accidentally ran into Bill on the corner of 16th and K streets in Washington, D.C., where he was mobbed by autograph seekers.

"You were fantastic," I told him. "I thought that the fans were going to go crazy when you jumped onto your seat to declare that the Redskins were number one."

Bill blushed modestly. "Everyone was great. I couldn't have done a good job on TV without the little people behind me—the directors, the cameramen and the scriptwriters. I'd also like to thank my grandmother Quayle, who told me many years ago, when I revealed to her my dream of appearing on TV, 'You can do anything you want, if you just put your mind to it.' "

"You were lucky to have had such a wise grandmother," I told him. "But in the long run you were the one who did it. What gave you the idea to declare that the Redskins were number one?"

Those fans on the right know how to get their faces on TV: They're using the old we-are-number-one play.

"I'd been thinking about doing it for some time. In the game before the one with the Bears I had noticed that the number-three camera was panning closer and closer towards me. So it dawned on me last week that I better be prepared just in case. I had several options, including waving my Redskins banner or even my hot dog. But I decided to fool them with the old we-are-number-one play. As soon as the red light went on I was ready."

"You certainly were. I never saw a football fan who was more believable on television."

"In order for the cameraman to get the full shot, I had to push down Arnie Blauvelt, who was in the row in front. He isn't talking to me."

"People are still buzzing about that unforgettable moment when you looked straight into the camera and yelled, 'Hi, Mom, I'll be home for dinner.' That was inspired and I don't think the viewers expected it."

"My mom's been good to me and she deserved the recognition," Bill said.

"Not only did she deserve it, but it was so real that everyone had the feeling that she was putting the roast beef in the oven. Did she know that you would be on?"

"There were no guarantees, but I did tell her to be sure and watch the last quarter. There had been a lot of talk that the director was looking for new faces because the home audiences were turning their sets off. I guess when I appeared it was a bigger moment for my mother than it was for me. What's nice about it is that she called up everyone in advance, so the whole neighborhood saw me."

"How great."

"The only thing wrong is that she told them I was going to be on every week," Bill said.

"Since you've been there, what would be your advice for another fan who might wind up on the TV screen?"

"Be yourself. No matter what you do, give it your best shot whether it's yelling, making ugly faces or sticking your tongue out at the camera. Above all, don't let them see you sweat—and mind your manners. TV audiences can't stand someone who makes a fool of himself. If they decide they don't like you, they'll all get up and go to the bathroom at the very instant your big moment comes." ■

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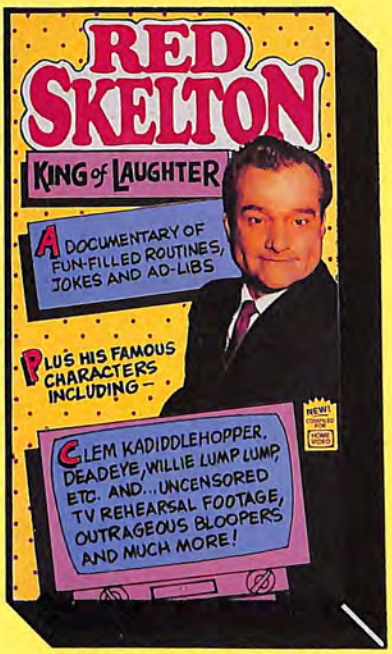
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